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FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY
"BETTER THAN BEAUTY"
A Complete Guide to Charm

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20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

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34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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COMICS

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FOOD FOR FUN

SHRIMP SURPRISE . . .

Do you have a chafing dish in your home? Dig around and see if you can't find one—then concoct this delectable recipe in it for a buffet supper.

First, cook two pounds of jumbo green shrimp. Then shell and clean them.

Heat one tablespoon of olive oil in your chafing dish and, when it is hot, add two large shallots which have been chopped fine, a small clove of chopped garlic, and the shrimp. Season highly with salt, pepper and cayenne. Cook these ingredients for a few minutes, then add two fresh tomatoes which have been peeled and cubed. Put the cover on the chafing dish and let simmer for five minutes. Add two cups of tomato sauce, and cook for 15 minutes longer.

And now—the last step. Turn off the heat and add some butter and parsley, finely minced. Serve at once, with warm French bread and curls of sweet butter.

SAUCE STIMULATION . . .

Vinaigrette sauce is cold and tart and easy to make. It is excellent on cold meats or cold vegetables, and salads made of asparagus, artichoke, broccoli or beets.

Put into a mixing bowl 1/2 of a cup of French dressing, one tablespoon of grated onion, and a heaping teaspoon of each of the following: chopped chives, capers, parsley, shallots and sour pickles. Add a generous spoonful of chopped hard-cooked egg white, and season well with salt and freshly-ground black pepper.

TRUE OR FALSE?

It's best to skip your daily bath "those days" of the month!

FALSE. Tub baths, and shower baths too, are even more important at this time, when you want to pay *special* attention to personal hygiene.

But remember, use *warm* water—not steaming hot or shivery cold.

Any more questions? Of course you have. And there's a new book of answers that'll be a real friend to you. It's "Growing Up and Liking It."

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PATSY WALKER

HOW ABOUT A DATE TONIGHT, DREAM-BEAM? I COULD BRING OVER MY COLLECTION OF JIVE PLATTERS!
SORRY! I'VE GOT A FASCINATING BOOK ON CHILD PSYCHOLOGY THAT I INTEND TO READ TONIGHT!
CHILD PSYCHO-LOGY
Try Our NUT FUDGE SUNDAE!! (DELICIOUS ON WEEKDAYS TOO!)
"DRAT THAT BRAT!"
5201

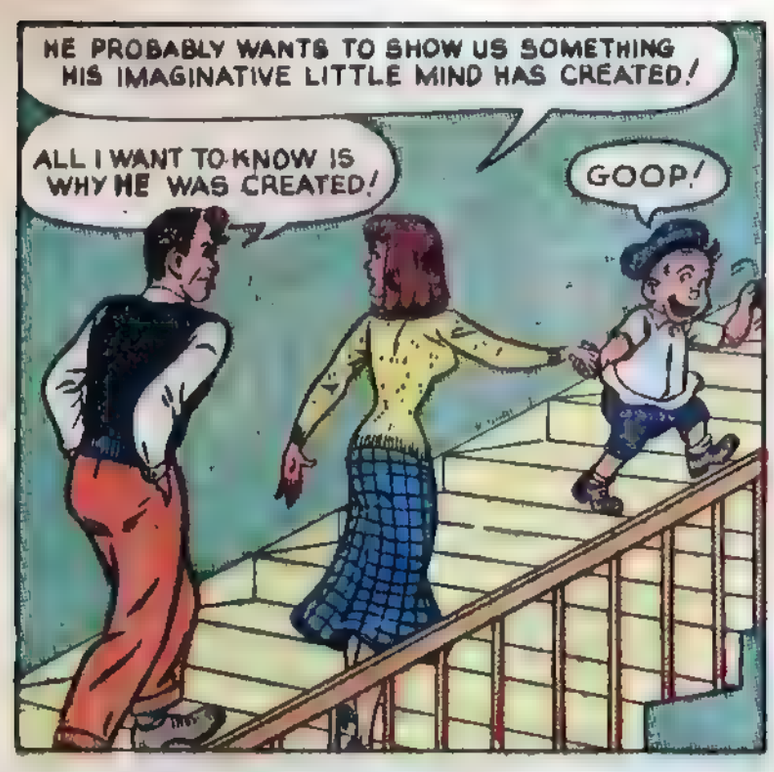
WHAT?
SOMEDAY I WILL HAVE CHILDREN OF MY OWN AND I'LL BE SURE OF RAISING THEM TO BE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS IF I STUDY THIS BOOK!
CHILD PSYCHO-LOGY

PATSY, DEAR, I WONDER IF YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR?
GOLLY, MOM, I'M ALL TIED UP IN MY CHILD-PSYCHOLOGY WORK!
THAT'S WONDERFUL! MRS. DEKKER AND I WANT TO GO SHOPPING, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HER LITTLE BOY, SLOBERT!
IF YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM, YOU'LL FIND THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STUDY CHILD PSYCHOLOGY WITH A LIVE SUBJECT!
WHAT A WONDERFUL THOUGHT! I'LL DO IT!
I'LL TELL BUZZ TO COME OVER! HE SEEMED TO DOUBT MY WORK, SO I'LL LET HIM SEE FOR HIMSELF HOW MUCH I'VE LEARNED!
LATER...
PATSY, IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO DO THIS!
THE PLEASURE IS MINE, MRS. DEKKER!
I HOPE LITTLE SLOBERT DOESN'T PUT YOU TO ANY TROUBLE!
I'M SURE HE WON'T! AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED HE'LL RECEIVE EXPERT CARE, AS I AM A STUDENT OF CHILD PSYCHOLOGY!

I'M GLAD PATSY DECIDED NOT TO STUDY THAT PSYCHOLOGY BUNK TONIGHT!
HI, HONEY! LOOK, I BROUGHT MY RECORDS! LET'S START 'EM ROLLING!
HOLD IT, BUZZ! THAT'S NOT WHY I ASKED YOU OVER! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
I WANT YOU TO MEET MY CHILD-PSYCHOLOGY SUBJECT! SAY HELLO TO LITTLE SLOBERT!
HELLO, SLOBERT! I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU!
YIKE!!
WHY YOU
BUZZ!
3

HOW DARE YOU RAISE YOUR HAND TO THIS CHILD? A FUNDAMENTAL POINT IN CHILD PSYCHOLOGY IS NEVER TO STRIKE THE CHILD! YOU MIGHT INJURE HIS MIND!
WHAT ABOUT MY NOSE?
IT IS FAR BETTER TO TALK TO THE CHILD AND MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND HE HAS DONE WRONG!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY MEAN TO BE NAUGHTY, DID YOU?
UH, UH!
SEE HOW SIMPLY AND PEACEFULLY I SETTLED THINGS!
I'D LIKE TO SETTLE HIS HASH!
WELL, GUESS I'LL PLAY MY RECORDS NOW AND FORGET ABOUT THAT LITTLE MONSTER!
YIPE!
ZIP!
4

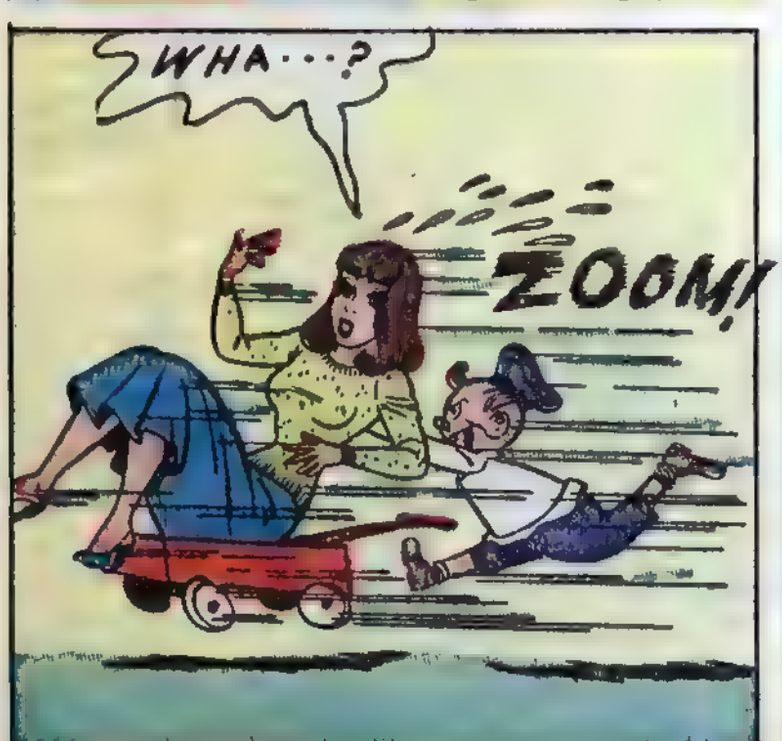
CRASH!
WAHH!
STOP THIS INSTANT, BUZZ! DO YOU REALIZE YOU COULD DEVELOP A NEUROSIS IN THIS CHILD BY FRIGHTENING HIM SO!
I DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN HIM! I JUST WANT TO BASH HIS DARLING LITTLE HEAD IN!
BUZZ!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK LIKE THAT! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND CHILDREN WHEN THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO BE PLAYFUL!
PLAYFUL? YOU CALL LOOSENING MY FRONT TEETH PLAYFUL? GRRR!
?
GLEEP! GONK! GLOOP!
5

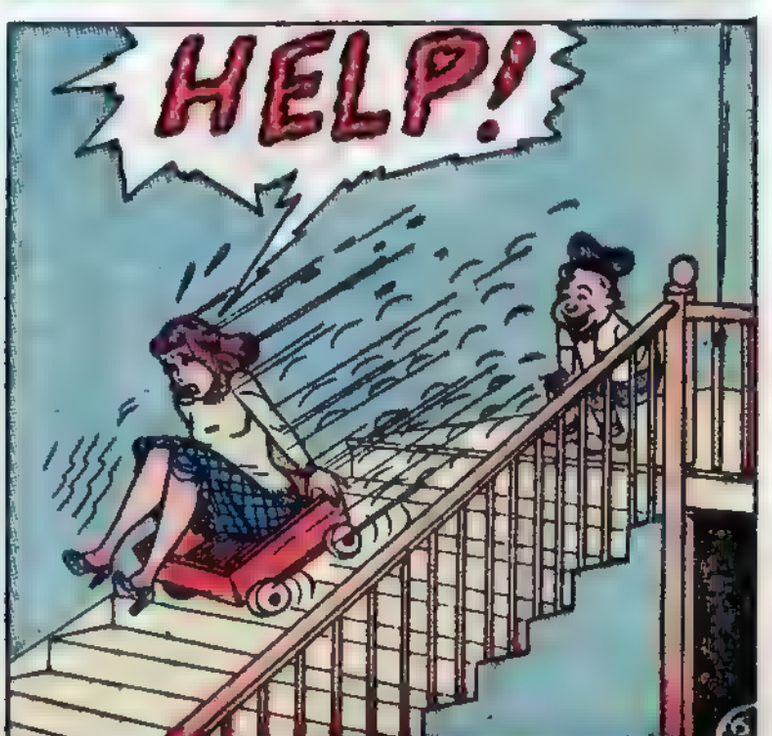

HE PROBABLY WANTS TO SHOW US SOMETHING HIS IMAGINATIVE LITTLE MIND HAS CREATED!
ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY HE WAS CREATED!
GOOP!

HE'S POINTING TO THE WAGON! HE WANTS YOU TO SIT DOWN! GO AHEAD, BUZZ!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THAT BRAT IS OUT TO FINISH ME OFF TODAY!
OH, YOU'RE JUST A POOR SPORT!

I'LL SIT DOWN, DEAR!
GLOP!


WHA···?
ZOOM!

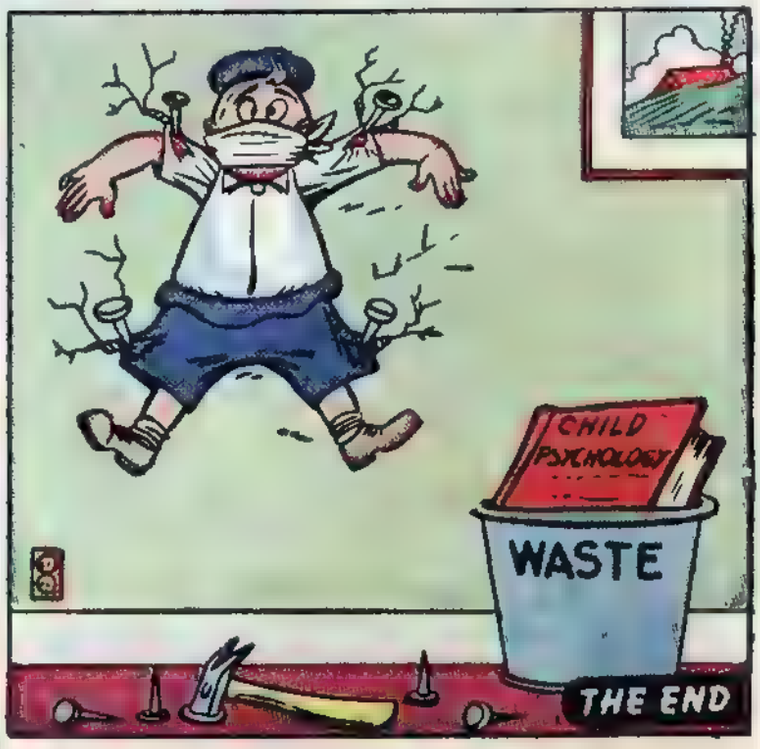

HELP!

EEK!
ZOOM!

CRASH

LATER...
HELLO, MY DEAR! I HOPE LITTLE SLOBERT WASN'T TROUBLESOME!
OH, HE WAS A LITTLE, AT FIRST-- BUT WE HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP OUT OF HIM IN THE LAST FIVE HOURS! HE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM!

EEK!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WASTE
THE END

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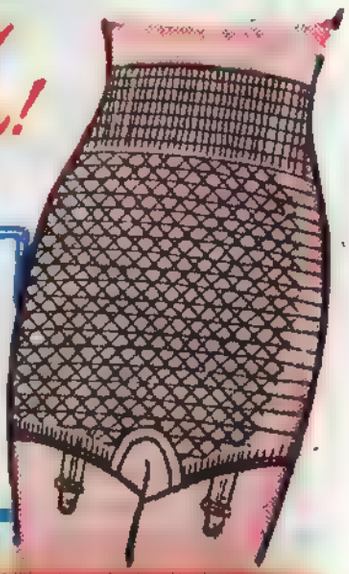

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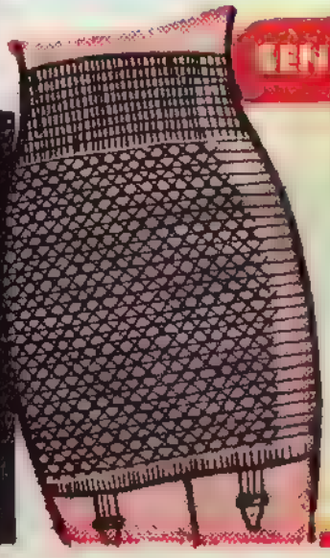

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JILL WAS FLYING SKY HIGH, CEILING UNLIMITED, WHEN A BOY FROM HOLLYWOOD DROPPED OUT OF THE BLUE AND ASKED HER TO . . .
By TRIPP HAMMOND

"JILL, *where are you?*" There was static, but the concern in my mother's voice was clear.

"About three hundred miles south," I answered. "I'll come home when the storm is over."

"Please do, dear. We've been terribly worried." I knew she was relieved to hear my voice. "Jill, Horace Pulley telephoned," she added. "I think it was about the Spring dance."

I sat up abruptly. "Oh, Mother, call the operator and get him for me!"

"Do you think that's wise, Jill?"

"He won't know where I am. He'll think I'm calling from home."

Maybe Horace was going to invite me after all! Redrock is too small for any formal social life, but once a year the nearby college gives a super dance for the townspeople. For years I've wanted to go, but my boy friend doesn't approve of parties. I suppose I'm lucky that Horace likes me—he's not bad looking and he comes from Redrock's first family—but there are so many things of which he doesn't approve. Especially, he doesn't approve of girls working. If he only knew about the job I recently acquired . . .

"Is that you, Jill?"

"Yes, Horace." Fortunately the static was gone.

"I called you about the Spring dance. I've decided we'll go."

"Oh, *Horace*!"

"After all, we're seniors now. If we're going to attend the college next year, we ought to know what kind of people go there."

"Yes, Horace, that's right."

"I'll be over to see you tonight at seven as usual."

I hesitated for a second. "Could you come at eight instead?"

"You have some housework to do? All right," he said. "That's what I like about you, Jill. A nice quiet girl who stays at home and helps her mother." He hung up, and I switched my radio to the weather reports.

Ten minutes later I reached Benton. I circled the airport at four thousand feet. When the tower signaled my landing permission, I cut the air speed and came down quickly in a long glide. As the wheels of the little plane touched the ground, I felt again that mixture of amazement and exaltation. *Me*, Jill Dale, seventeen and a licensed pilot!

It all began when I spent last summer on my uncle's ranch, which is four hundred miles across the mountains from Redrock. One of his wealthy neighbors bought a plane so he could do his shopping in Redrock. His eyes proved too weak for piloting, so he let me take his lessons and I got my license. Afterward, the other ranchers decided they would like to have me get their mail and do emergency shopping. They buy the gas and pay me thirty-five dollars a trip. I keep the rancher's plane in a field on Dad's farm and make the trip each Saturday.

A car tore onto the deserted strip and a boy jumped out. "Who flies that plane?" he demanded.

Redrock's citizens have little use for newfangled ways, and they'd be shocked to know that one of their high-school girls was flying around the country. Mother and Dad are used to the idea—and the job helps toward college for me. But Horace—*he* would be in a flat spin! I have to keep my activities in the stratosphere a dark secret.

Half an hour later, the weather was clear enough for flying. As I walked back to the plane, a car tore onto the deserted strip and a boy jumped out. He rushed over to me. He was tall, slender, gray-eyed and a few years older than I.

"Who flies that plane?" he demanded.

"I do," I said.

"This is an emergency! Will you take two passengers?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I have to go straight home."

"That's okay—just so you get us away from here." He turned and whistled loudly at the car.

"Now, wait . . ." I began.

He grabbed my arm and looked intently into my eyes. "Look," he said, "have you ever heard of Maurice du Plaire?"

Who *hadn't* heard of Maurice du Plaire? He was Hollywood's most famous actor, and the heartthrob of practically every woman in the country.

"That's him." The boy motioned to the large man who approached us. "His studio is hunting all over the country for him. Are you going to let the American women's dream of love languish on this landing strip?"

The man came up to us, and he *was* Maurice du Plaire! My knees suddenly began to shake, and my mouth filled with sand.

The great actor swept off his hat and bowed. "Little lady," he said with a throb in his voice, "you see before you a man abandoned by his friends, forsaken by Providence, *crushed* by adversity . . ."

The boy grabbed the actor by the coat collar, pushed him into my plane and then returned to me. "Miss, my job, my education, my *life* depend on getting Maurice du Plaire out of Benton," he pleaded. "*Please* help us—we won't be any trouble!"

Above the clouds at five thousand feet, I was still in a daze. *Maurice du Plaire* was asleep in the back seat! I glanced at the boy beside me. I had learned that he was Terry Phelps, son of the late Austin Phelps, a famous Hollywood publicity photographer. Terry had learned the trade from his father, and Maurice had given him a temporary job on his publicity staff. Terry was saving his money for a college education.

"Why is Mr. du Plaire in trouble?" I asked.

"It's a casting squabble," Terry explained. "Maurice's new picture calls for a super-sultry glamour girl to play opposite him. He insists on Gloria West, but she's from another studio and

Terry spent a lot of time taking pictures of me in all kinds of glamorous poses.

wants too much money. Besides, his studio wants to use one of their own actresses. Maurice flatly refuses to act in a picture without Gloria. He's hiding out from his studio until they give in to him. Publicity like this isn't too good, so I've got to take him out of circulation until his lawyers get the studio to calm down."

He studied me for a moment in silence. "Do you think your parents would take us in and sort of keep us hidden for a few days?" he asked.

I gulped. What would my parents think about all this? And what would Redrock think—and *Horace*? "I'll have to ask Dad when we get there," I said, after a moment.

As always, I approached our field from the west so that no one in the town would see the plane landing. Mother and Dad were waiting for me in the clump of trees where I keep the machine hidden. Mother hugged me as soon as I got out. "We were so worried, dear," she said. "The storm was the worst one this year."

"You know I'm always careful," I said.

"But you never can tell," Dad said. "Something might go wrong and it wouldn't be your fault."

"Something *did* go wrong, Dad," I said quietly. I turned to show them my passengers.

My parents looked startled. They looked even more startled when I told them who was in the plane and what had happened. "I—I suppose they can stay," Mother said, flustered.

That proved to be Maurice's signal to go into action. "Madame," he said graciously, "your hospitality is exceeded only by your charm and beauty." My mother blushed happily as he kissed her hand. Then he turned to Dad. "And you, sir, have earned my undying gratitude."

Never has our house been in such an uproar. I could tell Mother loved it. So did Dad, but he blustered about, pretending disapproval. We got the men settled into the guest room and gave them a hearty meal. Maurice won Mother's heart completely with his elegant praise of her cooking. "The finest chefs on the continent cannot compete with your cuisine, my dear Mrs. Dale," he said as he folded his napkin.

After supper he sat quoting Shakespeare to my open-mouthed father, while Terry helped Mother and me with the dishes. Within an hour Terry had won Mother's heart, too, and he was calling her Moms.

I was still saying "Ohmigosh" to myself. The whole house seemed to be tinged with unreality.

We were all in the living room when the doorbell rang. "Ohmigosh," I said aloud. "That must be *Horace!*"

"The man in your life?" Terry asked.

I thought I noticed a frown pass over his face as I nodded.

"I'll get our star upstairs and try to keep him quiet," he said. He took Maurice by the arm and dragged him out.

"Howdy, folks," Horace greeted us, then paused. "You all look kind of flushed. Are you catching anything?"

"It's all right, Horace," I said. "We haven't anything contagious."

He came in hesitantly. "A man can't be too cautious," he said. My parents excused themselves and left us alone. Horace sat at the far end of the sofa. "About the Spring dance," he said. "I'll call for you at eight, and we'll stay until 11:30. That should be long enough. I wouldn't want your parents to worry about your being out too late."

"Oh, they never worry when I'm with *you*," I said.

He smiled thinly. "I appreciate their trust in me," he said, "and I naturally wish to maintain it."

"Yes, Horace."

There was a pause. "Did you read the paper today?" he asked.

I shook my head.

He smiled as he reached over to pat my hand. "You've been a busy little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, Horace."

"Well, there was something in the paper that

distressed me and also my family," he continued. "You know Gladys Howard. She drove up to Lonsville to visit her grandparents, and she took a boy from our class with her. It was in the paper."

"There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"No—nothing *wrong* exactly. It was just *unbecoming*. An unchaperoned trip of thirty miles! I'm certainly glad you're not the flighty type, Jill."

The hour with Horace seemed unusually long, but he left promptly at nine. Terry came casually down the stairs just as he left. "I'm glad you're not the flighty type, Jill," he mimicked.

"You were listening!" I said.

"Your conversation was a bit more entertaining than Maurice's snores," he said shamelessly. "I take it this Horace is a man of strong moral fiber."

"He's a very nice boy," I said. "People think I'm lucky that he likes me."

Terry sat on the sofa and pulled me down beside him. "Could it be that his father's position makes it tough for any other boy to cut in?"

"What an unkind thing to say!"

"Your parents clearly loathe Horace. Why don't you go with someone they like?"

I jumped up and stamped my foot. "You're *conceited*!" I said. "Just because you've made my mother think you're wonderful!" In spite of myself, I found I was crying. "It's not fair for you to come from your glamorous life and make fun of us."

He stood up and put his hand on my shoulder. "You've got me all wrong, Jill. I think your parents are the most wonderful people I've ever met." He tilted my chin and made me look at him. "I can't help it, but Horace annoys me. The lucky guy doesn't appreciate you."

The next week was the most amazing and wonderful week of my life. All the conversation at school was about the mysterious disappearance of Maurice du Plaire. I kept my secret to myself and waited impatiently for the end of school each day. The long evenings with our glamorous guests were full of excitement. Terry played the piano while Maurice and father sang duets with their arms around each other. Sometimes Maurice thrilled us all by reenacting some of his famous scenes, or doing Shakespearian soliloquies.

During the daytime, Terry spent a lot of time taking pictures around the farm. He took dozens of me in all kinds of glamorous poses. After school on Friday, he led me down to the field where the plane was hidden. He made me take him up, then talked me into flying a hundred miles to Bone Lake for dinner and a play. Flying home through the moon-drenched sky was lovelier than any dream . . . and I wouldn't let myself think of the time when Terry's visit would have to end.

The next morning I was scheduled to make my trip out to the ranch, and Terry had promised to go with me.

I came down to breakfast earlier than usual. Terry and Maurice were already at the table.

Terry rose when I entered the room. "Jill—" he began. The color was gone from his face. "We received a wire from Maurice's law firm this morning. They advise us to come back to Hollywood as quickly as possible. Do you think you'll be able to drop us off at Benton?"

My heart stopped beating. "I'll be glad to," I said, trying to fight back tears.

I knew Mother and Dad would be sorry to see them go, too. They would miss Terry especially. He had become practically like a son to them.

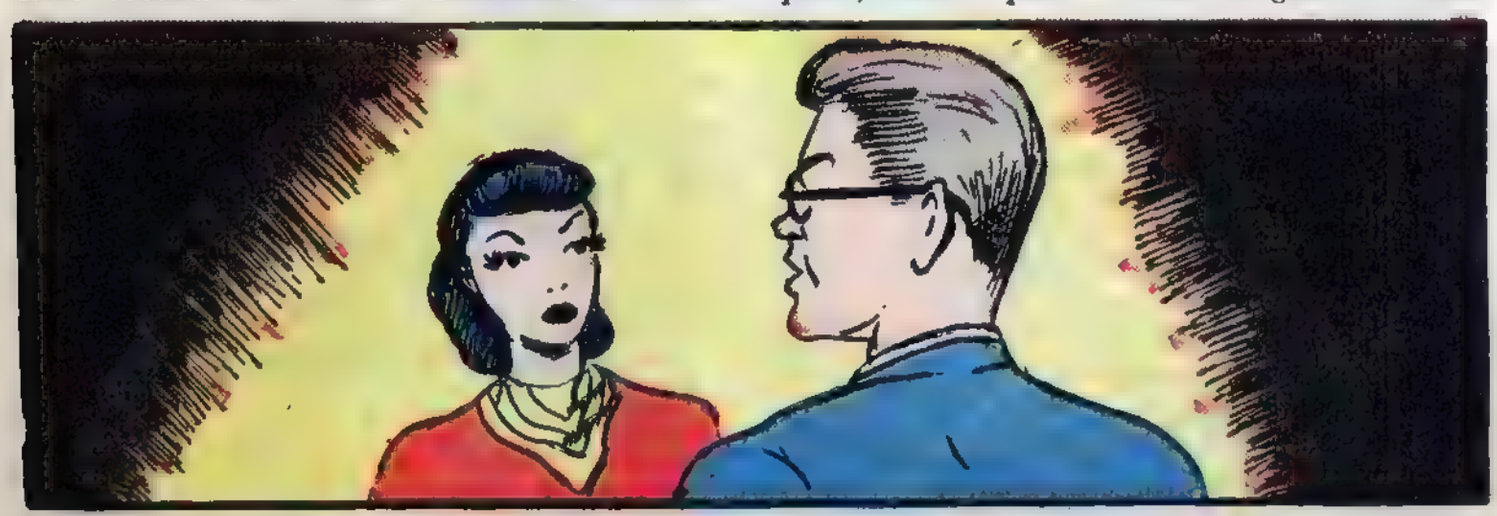
The trip to Benton went much too fast. As I landed the plane, Terry put his hand on my arm. "You let us out and then leave quickly," he said. "When we're recognized, the sound of exploding publicity will be atomic!"

On the ground Maurice said good-by. "My dearest Jill, you've given me sanctuary and peace in my hour of need," he said. "I shall remember you always. Farewell!" Then the famous actor reached over and patted my cheek.

Terry took both my hands in his and squeezed them. "I'll write," he whispered. Then they were gone—as suddenly as they had appeared.

Going home, my plane seemed a speck of dust lost in the great blue sky. Flying is sometimes a lonely experience, but never before had I felt so completely forsaken.

On Sunday morning Terry's publicity did explode, but not quite as I had imagined it would.



"Imagine you an air pilot," Horace said mockingly, "flying around unchaperoned with a Hollywood actor!"

Mother woke me out of a sound sleep, and showed me the front page of Redrock's daily. "*Du Plaire Disappearance Disclosed!*" the headlines screamed. Below it were two pictures—ones that Terry had taken! One showed Maurice and *me*, standing in front of my plane. The other was one of the glamour shots he had made.

"Maurice du Plaire, famous Hollywood actor, spent the past week with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dale, on a farm near Redrock," the paper said. I read on, breathlessly. "Jill Dale, their seventeen-year-old daughter, picked up the missing star in Benton and flew him in her private plane to Redrock. It is rumored that Maurice du Plaire is considering the lovely Jill for the part opposite him in his next picture . . ." I was stunned by these words. All of Redrock must know our secret by now, I thought.

Before I had completely recovered from the shock, the doorbell rang and Horace appeared. He was furious. "Have you an explanation for this . . . *this?*" he said, indicating the papers.

"No—none at all," I answered truthfully.

He threw himself into a chair. "No, I didn't think you could have. It must be some kind of freakish mistake. But how did they get your name—and these pictures? *Hah!* Imagine *you* an air pilot, flying around unchaperoned with a Hollywood actor! It's utterly absurd!"

"Are you quite sure, Horace?" I asked slyly.

"This is not a joking matter," he said severely. "The publicity is *most* unfortunate. My family is quite upset. We can't be seen publicly for a while, and the Spring dance is out, of course—" Finally he left.

Dad and Mother were surprised at the publicity, but they had agreed to keep the story of their visitors a secret, so they decided to say nothing more about it. I could think of nothing but what Terry had done. He had accepted our hospitality, devoted his time, attention and charm to me—and all he had been thinking about was this mean publicity stunt. What a silly little fool I'd been to imagine that he liked Redrock, my family, and *me*!

He knew my problem about my job and about Horace. Yet he could sacrifice me just to avoid the inconvenience of admitting that Maurice had had a fight with his studio. What a laugh that part was about considering me to play opposite Maurice in his next picture! Terry had told me that the part called for a suave and sophisticated woman of the world—he didn't even have much imagination in his publicity stunts.

School was grim that next week. No one believed I was the girl with Maurice in that photograph. As the victim of some absurd mistake, I was subject to derision. I tried once to protest that it *was* my picture in the paper, but that only made the ridicule worse. I kept to myself and hoped that the whole thing would blow over quickly.

The day of the Spring dance was particularly difficult. I wanted so much to go, and Horace was still avoiding me like the plague. Late in the afternoon I heard the roar of a plane. I ran out and saw that it was landing in our field. I got there just in time to see Maurice, Terry, and a tall woman get out. I recognized the woman as Gloria West. "*Dear* little Jill," Maurice greeted me. "Are you happy to see us again?"

I couldn't answer him.

"Go on up to the house, Maurice," Terry said sharply. "I want to talk to Jill."

When we were alone, he took my arm. "Do you hate me?" he asked.

"I think you're selfish—and unkind," I said.

He winced. "Jill, the whole thing *was* my fault, but believe me, I tried to stop them," he said. "I made the mistake of letting Maurice's publicity agent see those photos of you. He insisted on using them in the stunt. You see, Gloria is the only one who is really suitable for the part in Maurice's next picture, and she knows it. She tried to hold up our studio for more than they could pay. But after she saw how gorgeous you were, she got scared and came around, but fast.

"So, you see," Terry finished, "the stunt worked, and everyone's happy—but you. I made them agree to come here and square it with you. They'll do it if they have to go from door to door and explain it with gestures to everyone in town!"

"That won't be necessary, Terry," I said. Then I smiled at him. "There's a big dance tonight. Almost everyone will be there . . ."

"Good," he said. "We'll all go. Now, about Horace . . ."

I could feel myself blushing. "Horace can go eat worms," I said.

Redrock will remember that evening for many years. The six of us, Dad and Mother, Maurice and Gloria, Terry and I, made a dramatic entrance into the ballroom. After our arrival, we spent most of the time with people crushing around us asking for autographs. They even wanted mine! I did get a couple of dances with Maurice and a lot more with Terry. Before the evening was over, I was established as Glamour Girl No. 1 of Redrock. Now Horace would *never* be allowed to speak to me again.

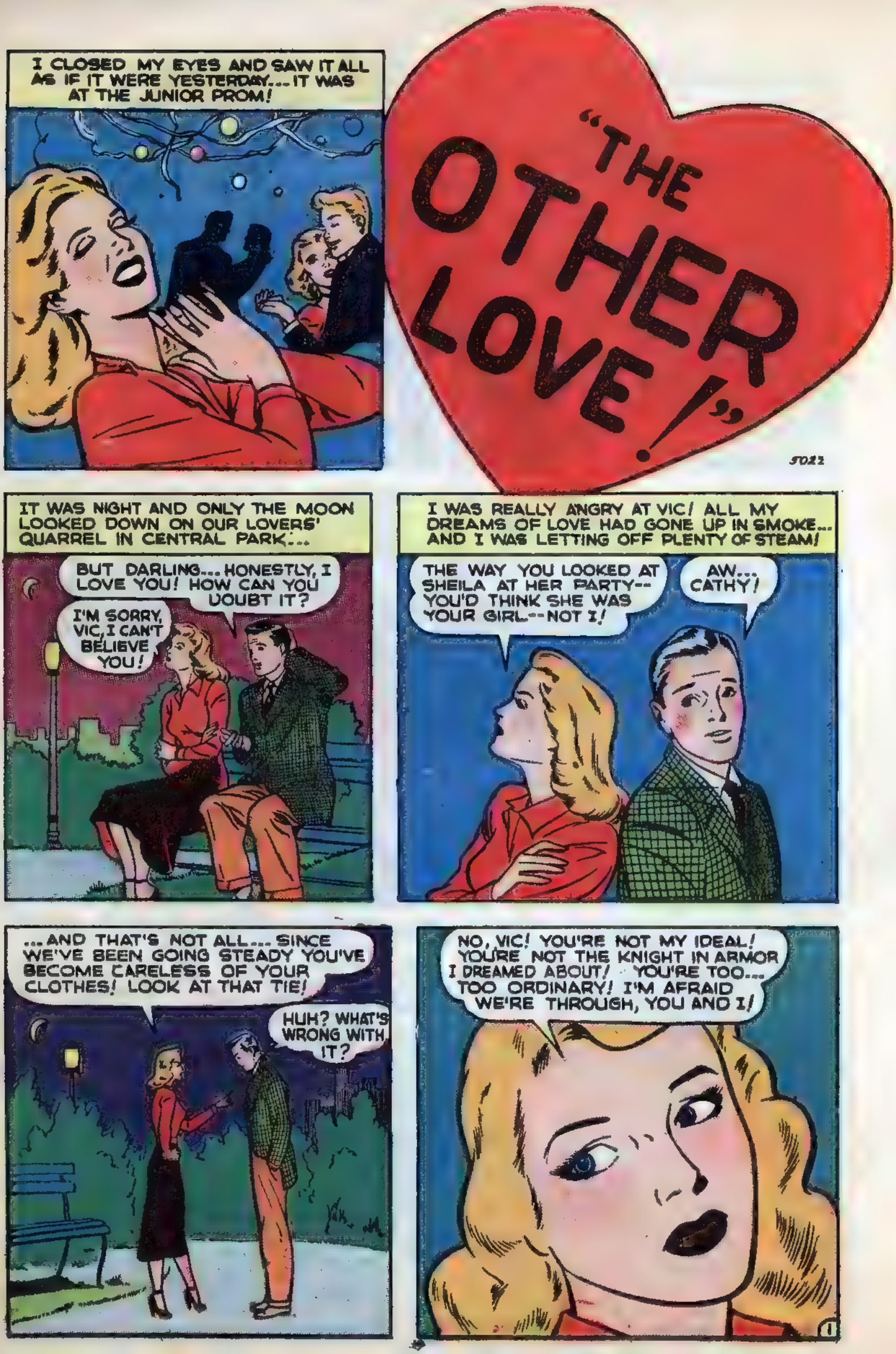
After the party I suddenly found that I couldn't face the farewells again. I ran into the house and locked myself in my room until I heard the plane take off into the night. From the window I watched with sinking heart until its lights were out of sight and the throb of its motors only an echo. Then I went slowly downstairs.

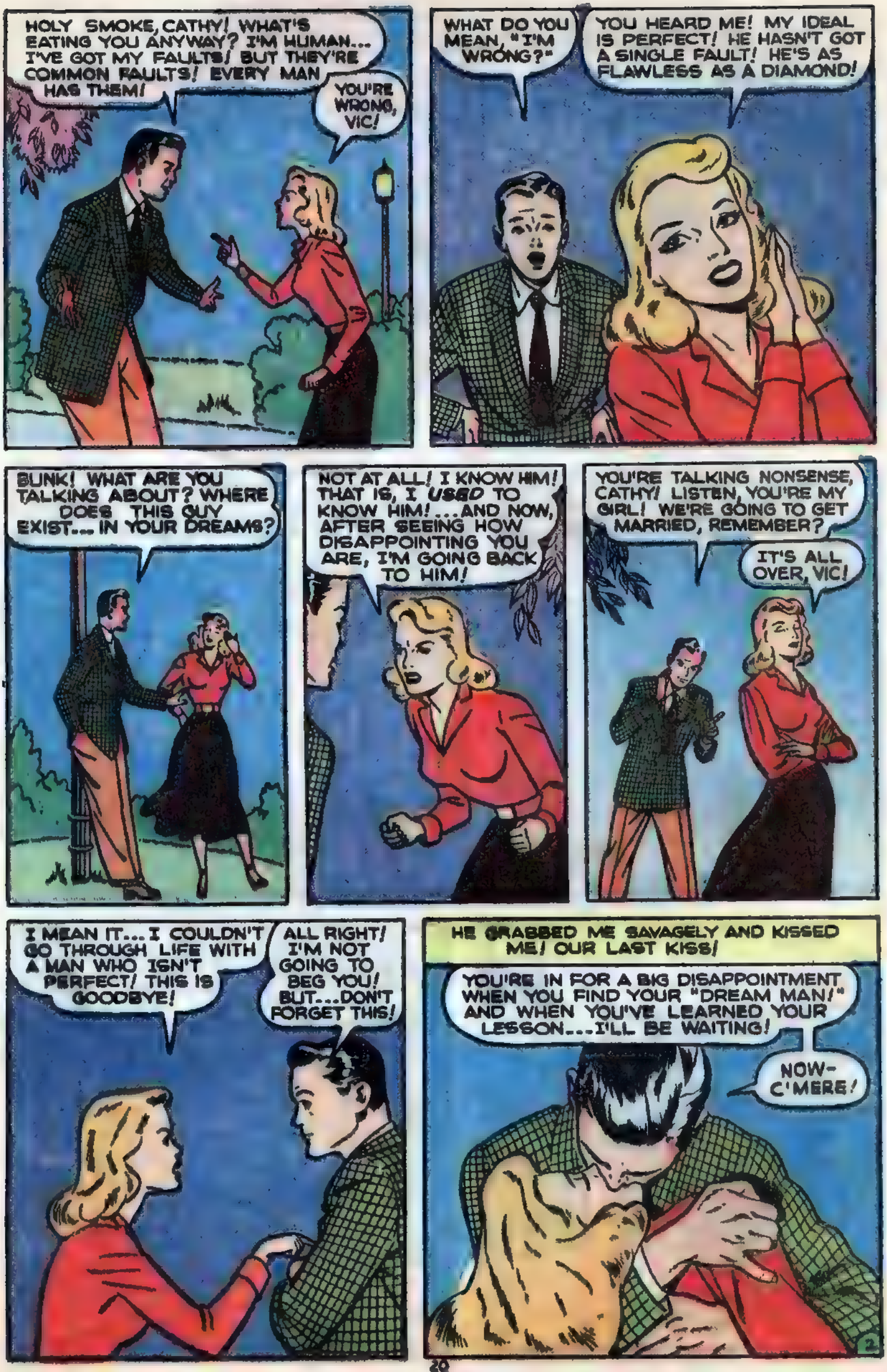
At the kitchen door I saw Mom and Dad—and Terry! They were all laughing, and Mom was kissing Terry. "Isn't it exciting, Jill?" she exclaimed when she saw me. "Terry's entered college here. He's going to stay with us until he can get settled."

Terry grinned at me. "What do you think of that?" he asked.

I rushed over to them. "Gosh, Mom," I said, "do you have to do *all* the kissing for the family?"

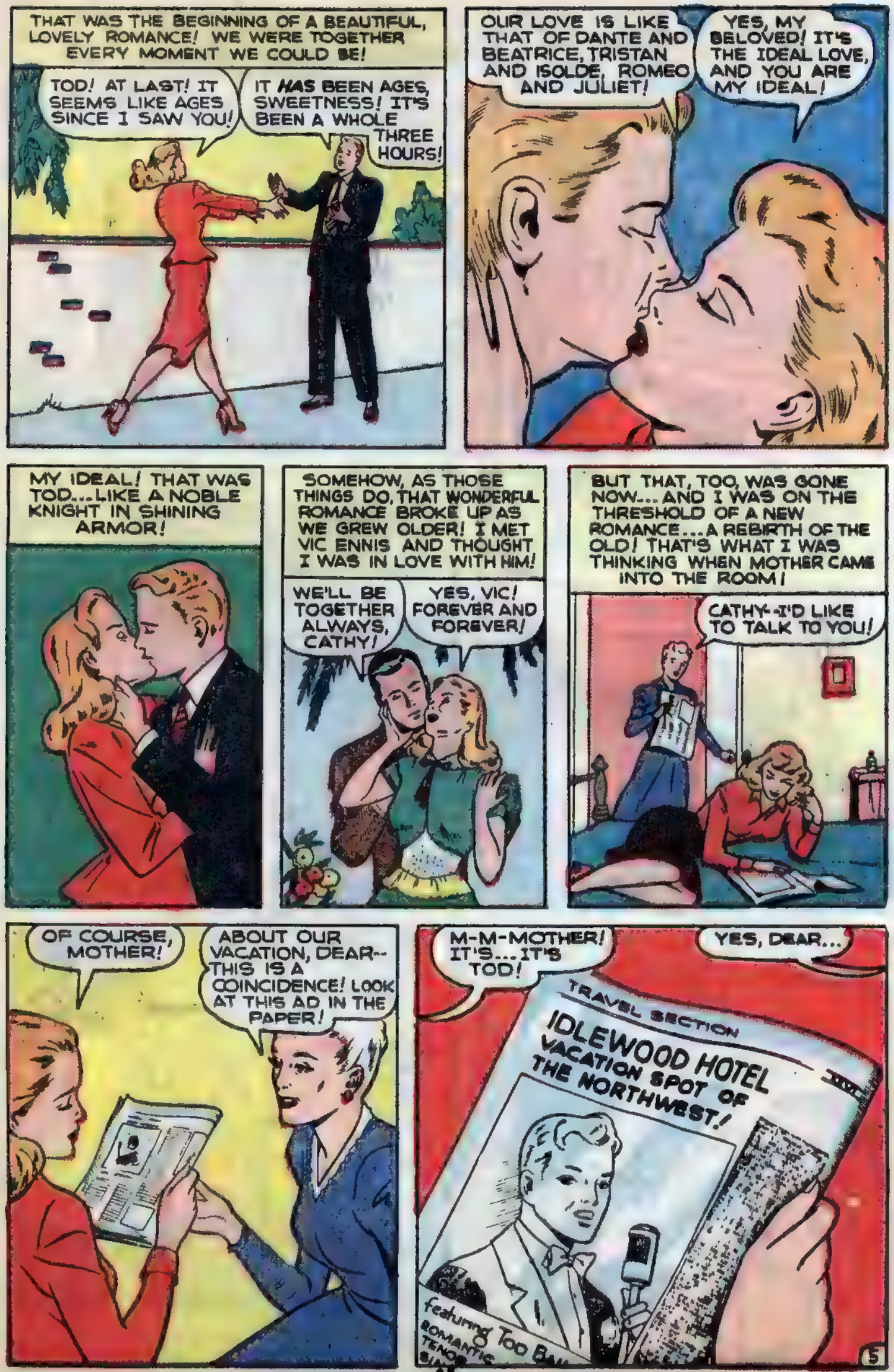
THE END

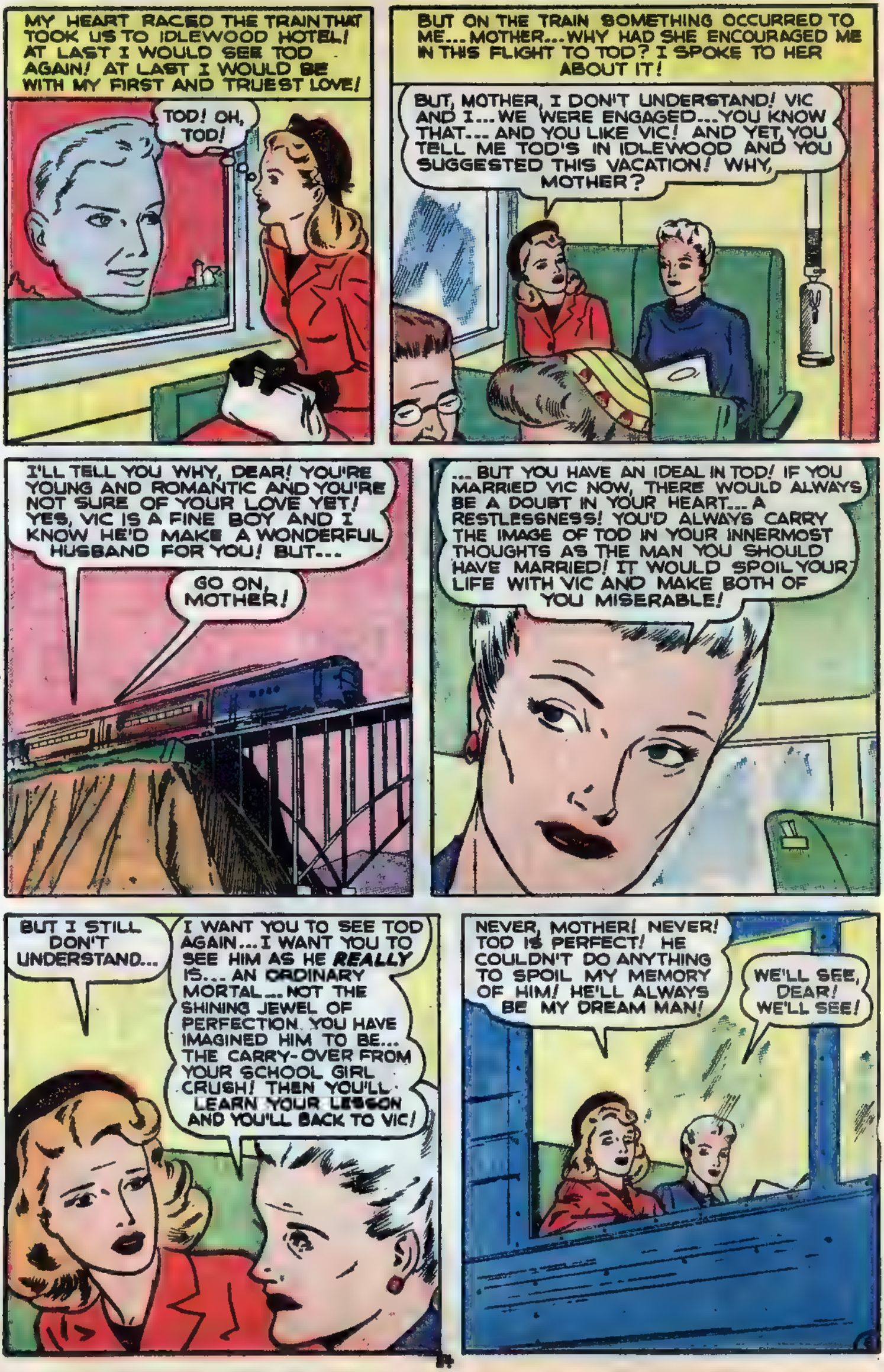

I CLOSED MY EYES AND SAW IT ALL AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY... IT WAS AT THE JUNIOR PROM!
"THE OTHER LOVE!"
5022
IT WAS NIGHT AND ONLY THE MOON LOOKED DOWN ON OUR LOVERS' QUARREL IN CENTRAL PARK...
BUT DARLING... HONESTLY, I LOVE YOU! HOW CAN YOU DOUBT IT?
I'M SORRY, VIC, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU!
I WAS REALLY ANGRY AT VIC! ALL MY DREAMS OF LOVE HAD GONE UP IN SMOKE... AND I WAS LETTING OFF PLENTY OF STEAM!
THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT SHEILA AT HER PARTY-- YOU'D THINK SHE WAS YOUR GIRL--NOT I!
AW... CATHY!
...AND THAT'S NOT ALL... SINCE WE'VE BEEN GOING STEADY YOU'VE BECOME CARELESS OF YOUR CLOTHES! LOOK AT THAT TIE!
HUH? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?
NO, VIC! YOU'RE NOT MY IDEAL! YOU'RE NOT THE KNIGHT IN ARMOR I DREAMED ABOUT! YOU'RE TOO... TOO ORDINARY! I'M AFRAID WE'RE THROUGH, YOU AND I!


HOLY SMOKE, CATHY! WHAT'S EATING YOU ANYWAY? I'M HUMAN... I'VE GOT MY FAULTS! BUT THEY'RE COMMON FAULTS! EVERY MAN HAS THEM!
YOU'RE WRONG, VIC!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "I'M WRONG?"
YOU HEARD ME! MY IDEAL IS PERFECT! HE HASN'T GOT A SINGLE FAULT! HE'S AS FLAWLESS AS A DIAMOND!
BUNK! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHERE DOES THIS GUY EXIST... IN YOUR DREAMS?
NOT AT ALL! I KNOW HIM! THAT IS, I *USED* TO KNOW HIM!...AND NOW, AFTER SEEING HOW DISAPPOINTING YOU ARE, I'M GOING BACK TO HIM!
YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE, CATHY! LISTEN, YOU'RE MY GIRL! WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED, REMEMBER?
IT'S ALL OVER, VIC!
I MEAN IT... I COULDN'T GO THROUGH LIFE WITH A MAN WHO ISN'T PERFECT! THIS IS GOODBYE!
ALL RIGHT! I'M NOT GOING TO BEG YOU! BUT...DON'T FORGET THIS!
HE GRABBED ME SAVAGELY AND KISSED ME! OUR LAST KISS!
YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT WHEN YOU FIND YOUR "DREAM MAN!" AND WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON...I'LL BE WAITING!
NOW- C'MERE!

I WALKED AWAY QUICKLY, HIS WORDS RINGING IN MY EARS AND MY LIPS TINGLING WITH HIS KISS! VIC WAS NICE--VERY NICE...BUT HE JUST WASN'T MY IDEAL!
WHEN I GOT HOME, I RUSHED THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM! MOTHER'S VOICE BARELY REACHED ME!
OH, CATHY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME! I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A PLACE FOR OUR VACATION!
LATER, MOTHER! LATER!
THEN IN MY ROOM, I LOOKED THROUGH MY SCHOOL-DAYS ALBUM!
THOSE WERE THE DAYS...THE HAPPY, CAREFREE TIMES! I HAD MY "PERFECT DATE" THEN... AND I LET HIM GO!
DHS
DAVIS HIGH SCHOOL 1944
HIS PICTURE HAS TO BE HERE SOME PLACE! I KNOW I HAVE IT! HE WAS SO HANDSOME, SUCH A WONDERFUL DRESSER... ALL CHARM... ALL SWEETNESS! SO UNLIKE VIC! LET'S SEE...
HERE IT IS!
Love, Jod
TOD BAILEY! GOSH! WHAT A CRUSH I HAD ON HIM! AND WHAT A SWEETHEART HE WAS! HE WAS LIKE A DREAM... LIKE A SHY SIR LANCELOT! MY IDEAL!

I CLOSED MY EYES AND SAW IT ALL AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY... IT WAS AT THE JUNIOR PROM!
I HAD GONE OUTSIDE FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR! THEN I SAW TOD FOR THE FIRST TIME!
HMM...MUST BE A NEW BOY IN SCHOOL!
HE WAS GAZING UP AT THE MOON, UNAWARE OF ANYTHING ELSE AROUND HIM! ESPECIALLY ME!
GOSH! HE'S THE MOST POETIC-LOOKING BOY I'VE EVER SEEN! SO--SO DIFFERENT!
THEN HE TOOK A BOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET AND STARTED TO READ! THIS GAVE ME AN EXCUSE TO TALK TO HIM... AND I TOOK IT!
HELLO!
...EH?...ER... WHY...HELLO!
YOU MUST FIND SCHOOL PRETTY DIFFICUT IF YOU'VE GOT TO DO YOUR STUDYING AT A DANCE!
STUDY? OH... NO! THIS IS POETRY... KEATS!
READING POETRY TAKES MY MIND OFF THE EARTHLY THINGS...THE UNBEAUTIFUL! IT LIFTS ME UP WITH THE WINGS OF MAGIC TO THE SUBLIME... THE ETHEREAL!
OH! I SEE!
GOSH! HE...HE'S WONDERFUL!


THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL, LOVELY ROMANCE! WE WERE TOGETHER EVERY MOMENT WE COULD BE!
TOD! AT LAST! IT SEEMS LIKE AGES SINCE I SAW YOU!
IT HAS BEEN AGES, SWEETNESS! IT'S BEEN A WHOLE THREE HOURS!
OUR LOVE IS LIKE THAT OF DANTE AND BEATRICE, TRISTAN AND ISOLDE, ROMEO AND JULIET!
YES, MY BELOVED! IT'S THE IDEAL LOVE, AND YOU ARE MY IDEAL!
MY IDEAL! THAT WAS TOD... LIKE A NOBLE KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR!
SOMEHOW, AS THOSE THINGS DO, THAT WONDERFUL ROMANCE BROKE UP AS WE GREW OLDER! I MET VIC ENNIS AND THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM!
WE'LL BE TOGETHER ALWAYS, CATHY!
YES, VIC! FOREVER AND FOREVER!
BUT THAT, TOO, WAS GONE NOW... AND I WAS ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW ROMANCE... A REBIRTH OF THE OLD! THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING WHEN MOTHER CAME INTO THE ROOM!
CATHY--I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!
OF COURSE, MOTHER!
ABOUT OUR VACATION, DEAR-- THIS IS A COINCIDENCE! LOOK AT THIS AD IN THE PAPER!
M-M-MOTHER! IT'S... IT'S TOD!
YES, DEAR...
TRAVEL SECTION
IDLEWOOD HOTEL VACATION SPOT OF THE NORTHWEST!
featuring Tod Ba
ROMANTIC TENOR
SIN
5


MY HEART RACED THE TRAIN THAT TOOK US TO IDLEWOOD HOTEL! AT LAST I WOULD SEE TOD AGAIN! AT LAST I WOULD BE WITH MY FIRST AND TRUEST LOVE!
TOD! OH, TOD!
BUT ON THE TRAIN SOMETHING OCCURRED TO ME... MOTHER... WHY HAD SHE ENCOURAGED ME IN THIS FLIGHT TO TOD? I SPOKE TO HER ABOUT IT!
BUT, MOTHER, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! VIC AND I... WE WERE ENGAGED... YOU KNOW THAT... AND YOU LIKE VIC! AND YET, YOU TELL ME TOD'S IN IDLEWOOD AND YOU SUGGESTED THIS VACATION! WHY, MOTHER?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, DEAR! YOU'RE YOUNG AND ROMANTIC AND YOU'RE NOT SURE OF YOUR LOVE YET! YES, VIC IS A FINE BOY AND I KNOW HE'D MAKE A WONDERFUL HUSBAND FOR YOU! BUT...
GO ON, MOTHER!
... BUT YOU HAVE AN IDEAL IN TOD! IF YOU MARRIED VIC NOW, THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE A DOUBT IN YOUR HEART... A RESTLESSNESS! YOU'D ALWAYS CARRY THE IMAGE OF TOD IN YOUR INNERMOST THOUGHTS AS THE MAN YOU SHOULD HAVE MARRIED! IT WOULD SPOIL YOUR LIFE WITH VIC AND MAKE BOTH OF YOU MISERABLE!
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I WANT YOU TO SEE TOD AGAIN... I WANT YOU TO SEE HIM AS HE *REALLY* IS... AN ORDINARY MORTAL... NOT THE SHINING JEWEL OF PERFECTION YOU HAVE IMAGINED HIM TO BE... THE CARRY-OVER FROM YOUR SCHOOL GIRL CRUSH! THEN YOU'LL LEARN YOUR LESSON AND YOU'LL BACK TO VIC!
NEVER, MOTHER! NEVER! TOD IS PERFECT! HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO SPOIL MY MEMORY OF HIM! HE'LL ALWAYS BE MY DREAM MAN!
WE'LL SEE, DEAR! WE'LL SEE!

IT WAS TRUE THAT I COULDN'T FORGET VIC SO EASILY! HE STILL INTRUDED IN MY DREAMS!
WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, CATHY, I'LL BE WAITING!
NO! NO! NO!
CATHY! WHAT IS IT, DARLING?
NO! NO! OH... MOTHER!
IT-IT WAS NOTHING... JUST A DREAM!
YES, DEAR... I KNOW!
AT THE STATION I DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR MOTHER! I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY!
MOTHER, DO YOU MIND TAKING CARE OF THE BAGS? I WANT TO GO AHEAD TO THE HOTEL!
GO AHEAD, DEAR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!
THERE WAS AN ODD SOUND TO HER VOICE, BUT I PAID NO ATTENTION TO IT! I RUSHED TO THE IDLEWOOD, AND...
CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND...?
CATHY! BABY! SWEETHEART!
IT WAS TOD! TOD! TOD! MY PRINCE-- MY KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR...TOD!
OH...T-T-TOD! I'M SO HAPPY TO...
WELL! WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE TO SEE TOD'S ACT! I WAS POSITIVE THAT I'D ATTRACT A FOLLOWING!
I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES OR MY EARS! WAS THIS LOUD PERSON TOD BAILEY, MY HEART'S DESIRE?
WAIT'LL YOU SEE MY ACT, BABY! IT'LL KNOCK YOU OUT! I'M A REAL GONE GUY, I TELL YOU! A KILLER! SAY! YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD! GOT ANY BOY FRIENDS? NEVER MIND... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE DETAIL!

B-B-BUT TOD! I CAME HERE TO...
...SURE, I KNOW! ...TO DIG TOD BAILEY, THE ROMANTIC TENOR! WELL, THAT'S ME! C'MON, KIDDO, HOW ABOUT A KISS FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE?
I PUSHED HIM AWAY FROM ME, MY EYES OVERFLOWING WITH BITTER TEARS!
AND... AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY IDEAL! WHY, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT... BUT... A LOUT!
CATHY! STOP! YOU--YOU'RE TALKIN' TO TOD BAILEY!!!
YES, I KNOW WHO I'M TALKING TO NOW--TO THE TOD BAILEY WHO'S MEMORY I'VE CHERISHED IN MY HEART! BUT AS FOR TOD BAILEY, THE REAL ONE, BELIEVE ME, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! NOW I'M GOING BACK TO A MAN... IF HE'LL HAVE ME!
"I TURNED AND RUSHED OUTSIDE, BLIND WITH ANGER AND HEARTBREAK, STRAIGHT INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF..."
VIC! OH, VIC!
HELLO THERE, SWEETHEART!
VIC! I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU...
NEVER MIND, CATHY, I UNDERSTAND! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY A WORD!
BUT YOU... HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I WAS ON THE TRAIN, CATHY! YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU UP SO EASILY, DID YOU? I KIND OF SUSPECTED THINGS WOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY... AND THAT YOU MIGHT WANT A FRIENDLY SHOULDER TO LEAN ON!
OH, VIC--DON'T EVER LET ME BE SUCH A FOOL AGAIN! DON'T EVER LET ME LEAVE!! AND NEVER, NEVER CHANGE! I'LL TAKE YOU JUST AS YOU ARE, VIC! I HAD TO GO MILES AWAY TO REALIZE THAT MY DREAM MAN, MY IDEAL, WAS NO FURTHER AWAY THAN MY TWO ARMS!
I TOLD HER I'D TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!
THE END

WHIZ QUIZ

1. Been around to the library lately? Well, then—where would you find these well-known names?

1. Tiny Tim
2. Dr. Watson
3. My Man Friday
4. Scarlett O'Hara
5. Simon Legree
6. Captain Bligh
7. Svengali
8. Heathcliff
9. Quasimodo
10. Grizel
11. D'Artagnan
12. Aunt Polly

2. You often need a proverb to prove a point! Given three words of each, can you finish them in a flash?

1. One man's meat
2. A fool and
3. The early bird
4. An ounce of
5. You can't have
6. Variety is the
7. A rose by
8. Look before you
9. You can't judge
10. A barking dog
11. All that glitters
12. A rolling stone
13. A stich in
14. He who laughs

3. All these words end in *io*. Here are their definitions—you name 'em!

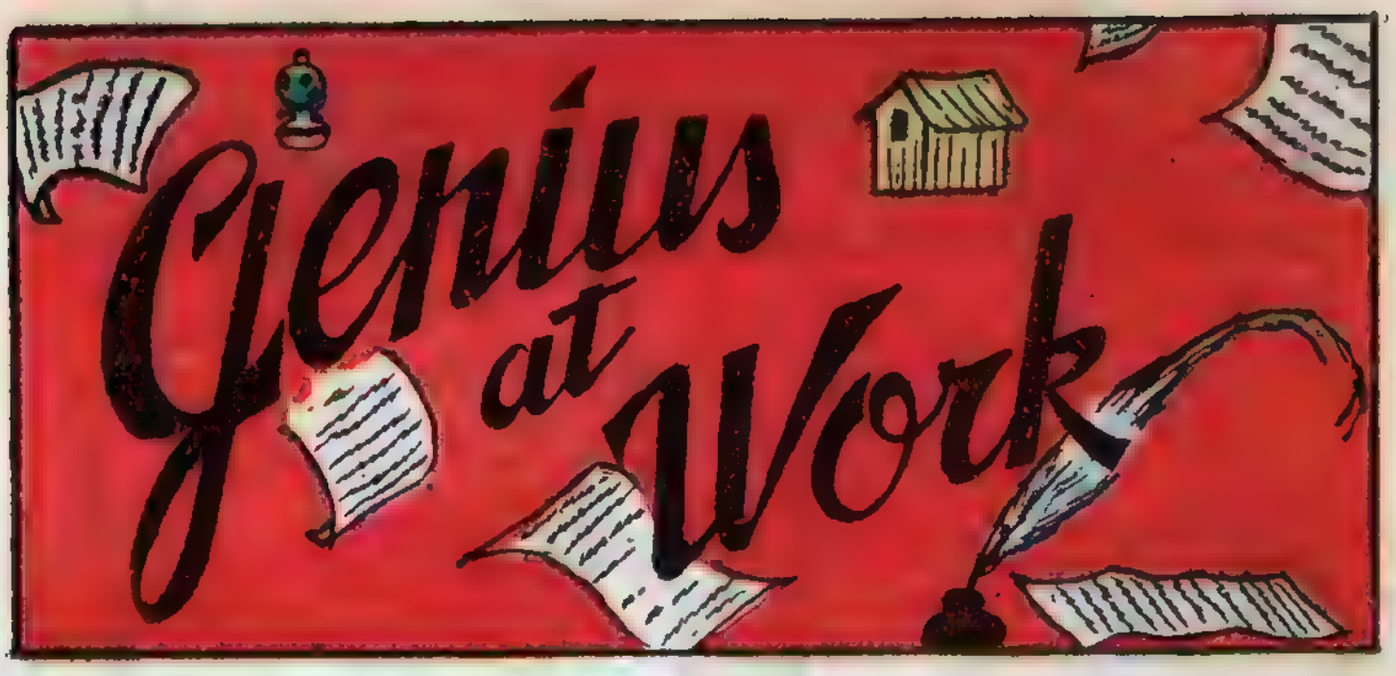
1. A machine that employs electric waves
2. A leaf of a book
3. Short name for a disease
4. A set of three
5. An odd article
6. A beachhead in Italy
7. A chord played in rapid succession
8. The Muse of history

ANSWERS

1.
1. A Christmas Carol
2. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
3. Robinson Crusoe
4. Gone With the Wind
5. Uncle Tom's Cabin
6. Mutiny on the Bounty
7. Trilby
8. Wuthering Heights
9. The Hunchback of Notre Dame
10. Sentimental Tommy
11. The Three Musketeers
12. Tom Sawyer

2.
1. is another man's poison
2. his money are soon parted
3. catches the worm
4. prevention is worth a pound of cure
5. your cake and eat it
6. spice of life
7. any other name is just as sweet
8. leap
9. a book by its cover
10. never bites
11. is not gold
12. gathers no moss
13. time saves nine
14. last laughs best

3.
1. Radio
2. Folio
3. Polio
4. Trio
5. Curio
6. Anzio
7. Arpeggio
8. Clio



VIVIENNE VAILE was at work on her third book. The glamorous young novelist, wearing her favorite working costume—a chartreuse chiffon negligee and scanty satin mules—sat at the dainty gilt table in the guest cottage of her estate and carefully wrote down what shortly would be the chief topic of conversation in international literary circles.

Her delicately-arched eyebrows came together in a slight frown as she executed a difficult clause, and—

"Viv-veeee!"

Viv Watkins jumped half an inch, and her eyebrows came together in a ferocious scowl. She hastily thrust the sheet of paper, covered with penciled scrawlings, into the drawer of the battered old desk. Viv wiped the dust of the drawer handles on her slacks and left the shed, slamming the door behind her.

Her mother was on the back porch. "It was a phone call, dear!" she called cheerfully.

"Mother," Vivian said, in a tone of extreme weariness, "I've told you and told you—when I'm writing I *don't* want to be disturbed!" Vivian stood and glowered at her mother.

"But, dear!" Mrs. Watkins was unabashed. "Randolph's such a nice boy, and he's called three times! After all, Vivian, just because you're writing a book—well, I don't want a *hermit* for a daughter . . ." She started back into the house, and then turned to smile brightly. "So I told him to come right over!"

Viv took a deep breath as the back door closed behind her mother. The fact that parents are difficult doesn't need any publicity, but *this* sort of thing was too much! You'd think they would appreciate having a daughter who would undoubtedly be famous for having completed a brilliant first novel at the age of sixteen.

Her frown deepened as she heard a swooshing sound that could be interpreted only one way: Randy Wilks was diving through the invisible hole in the hedge.

"Hi, genius," he panted as he loped up, brushing small twigs and leaves from his sweater.

"Well, Nature Boy," Viv said scathingly, "hedgehogs are exceedingly rare in the United States, if not unknown. Had you thought of putting in an applica—"

"Wow, what a freeze!" Randy exclaimed cheerfully, as he dropped down on the porch hammock beside Viv. "What have I done to deserve this charming reception? Am I not character material for your newest novel?"

Viv let the obvious answer pass, and said patiently, "Randolph, let me explain something to you. When you first moved next door, I thought we had something in common. You told me that you wanted to be a writer, and for a while I had hope for you . . . That was until I realized that all you *really* want to do is go to basketball games and dances and do all the other infantile things

VIV HAD HIGHEST HOPES FOR HER FIRST NOVEL'S SUCCESS, BUT SHE ALSO HAD A KEROSENE LAMP TO WORK BY . . . AND RANDY!

By HOPE VALENTINE

that simply have no place in the life of a creative artist!" She paused for dramatic emphasis. "I, Randolph," she said earnestly, "am dedicated to my work!"

Randy snorted. "Pardon me, madam, but have you done your story for the short-story contest at school? Mine is already signed, sealed and submitted!"

"Short-story contest!" Viv was scornful. "I wouldn't even bother with anything so small! *I'm* working on a *novel!*"

Randy didn't pay any attention to her statement. He rubbed his smooth chin reflectively. "As a matter of fact," he said slowly, "I was thinking. You ought to send in your first chapter. It's great, and it would make a swell short story in itself. The rest of that junk you're writing," he concluded triumphantly, as if he had solved all her problems, "you could just toss into the wastebasket—and we could go to the dance tonight!"

Viv leaped up, her face flushed with anger.

"Randy Wilks!" she shrieked. "I hate you! Junk, is it? That first chapter is nothing! It's just the prologue! I'm even thinking of eliminating it. The rest of the book is what counts. You are insufferable! You don't even know good writing when you see it! Oh, go away! Go and take Marybelle Taylor to the dance—the nitwit!" She finished on a high note and collapsed on the swing, breathless.

Randy, surprised at having created such a storm of temperament, edged away cautiously.

"Gee, Viv," he said tentatively, "I didn't mean—"

"Go away!" Viv screamed, and Randy returned to his hedge in a hurry.

Mrs. Watkins appeared in the back doorway.

"Randy," she called, "wouldn't you like to stay to dinner?"

From beyond the hedge, his voice floated back, hardly audible above the sounds of Viv's fury. "No thank you, Mrs. Watkins . . ."

After a dinner which partially succeeded in bringing her back to a good humor because of her favorite pecan pie, Viv announced: "I'm going to be working in the shed this evening, and I don't want to be bothered by any interruptions!"

"Just what are you going to use for light?" her father asked.

"I'll take the kerosene lamp," Viv said with dignity. "It will be quite good enough. When one has something one must do, small difficulties are nothing. Think of *Bach*, Father," she pursued. "He was practically blind when he wrote some of his greatest music! Why—"

"That was *Beethoven*, dear," Mrs. Watkins said.

Viv ignored her mother's remark and started for the kitchen. "Don't forget," she said firmly, *"No interruptions!"*

"Yes, dear."

The phone rang sharply.

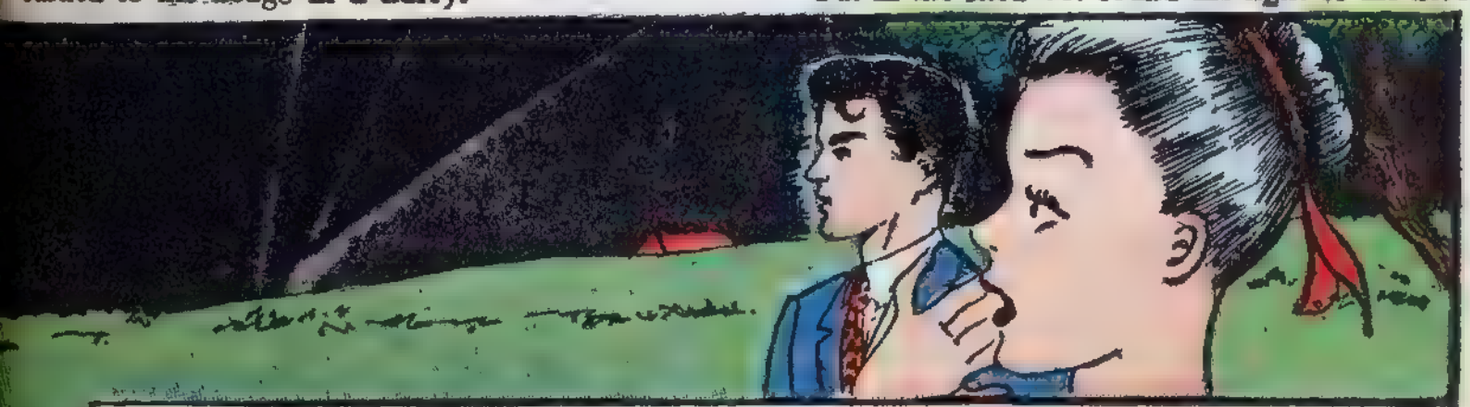
"Answer the phone, will you, Viv?" Mrs. Watkins asked absent-mindedly.

Randy's voice came over the wire.

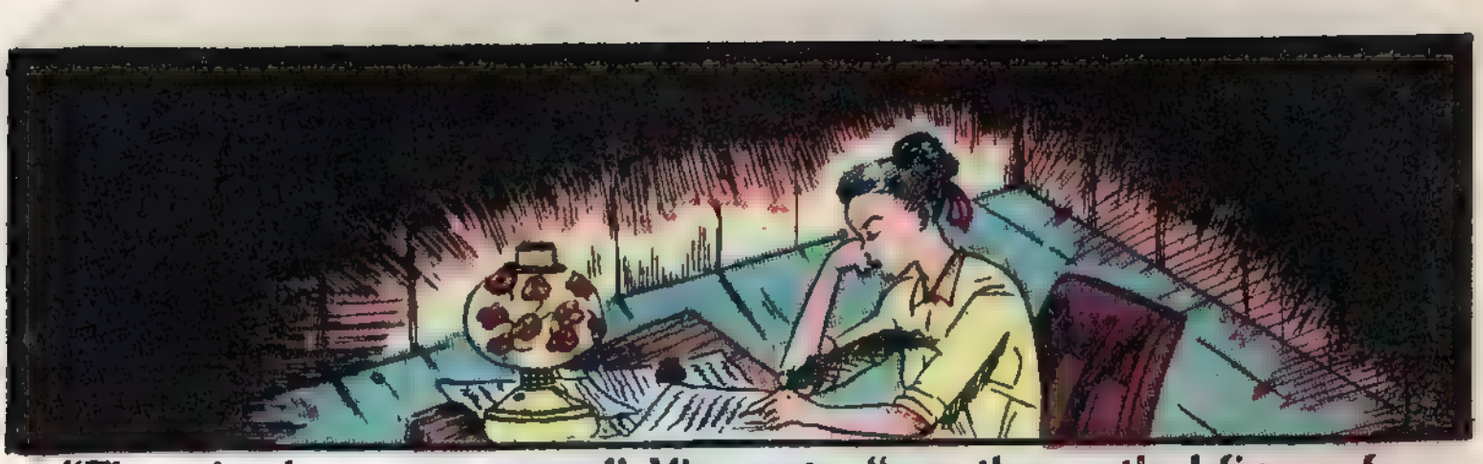
"I just called to thank you for your helpful suggestion," he said icily. "I'm escorting Marybelle Taylor to the dance!"

There was a silence. Then Viv spoke, in a tone of suppressed rage, "If I tried for a million years, I couldn't think of *anything* which would be of *less interest* to me!" She slammed the receiver down.

Out in the shed Viv found the light of the kero-



Viv stared at the crackling fire, and a sob started up in her throat.



"There in the mummy case," Viv wrote, "was the swathed figure of Ptkarm-dmr-fqzl!"

sene lamp somewhat inadequate. As it flickered, she noticed a spot of black smoke appear on the low ceiling above her. She sighed, thinking of the obstacles a creative mind must endure.

She pulled out her manuscript and settled down for a pleasant reading. The first part, the prologue, she frowned over. It was not like the rest of the book. The prologue was a simple chronicling of a day in the life of Susan Dean, an average girl in a small town. Viv had written it simply, in order to make the following chapters more dramatic. She planned to have Susan whisked off to Hollywood . . . have a sensational career in the movies . . . give it up to marry a duke . . . become the toast of Paris . . . go to Egypt on an archaeological expedition and then—well, Viv was only beginning to imagine the things that were yet to happen. After all, Susan was still only eighteen in Egypt in the fourth chapter . . .

When she finished reading the outline she picked up the prologue again. "Too dull," she decided. "No action, no complications, no suspense!" She crumpled it up and threw it out of the window.

Then she carefully replaced the rest of the pages in the drawer, and pulled out a clean sheet of paper.

"I guess that will show Randy Wilks what I think of *his* opinions!" she thought grimly, and started to write.

"There in the mummy case," she wrote, "was the swathed figure of Ptkarm-dmr-fqzl! Surely this was the same face that Susan had seen that morning in the market place!"

Viv stopped. She simply couldn't think of the next sentence. And she found that instead of picturing Susan Dean's face, she was seeing Marybelle Taylor smiling up at Randy as they danced.

"What do I care!" Viv thought. "Dances! Parties! It's all childish!" But she couldn't seem to get her mind back to Susan Dean and the pyramids.

"Vi-veeee!"

Her mother's voice was a welcome interruption. She jumped up. It must be Randy on the phone! "I didn't think he would really go to the dance without me," she thought smugly.

"Telephone, Mother?" Viv inquired, when she got to the kitchen.

"Oh, no, dear," Mrs. Watkins said. "I just called you because I'm going to bed, and I thought you might like some cookies and hot chocolate to sustain you." She poured the steaming chocolate into a mug as Viv slumped down at the kitchen table.

"Well," Viv said elaborately, "I'm glad it wasn't that pest, Randy, on the phone!"

"Oh, I saw him going by the house hours ago," her mother said. "He was all slicked up—going to the dance, I guess."

Her eyes were innocent as she started up the back stairs. "Good night, dear," she said. "Don't work too late."

Viv sat at the kitchen table until well after midnight. She didn't feel like going to bed and she knew she couldn't write any more.

She heard a shrill whistling in front of the house. It was a tune which Randy always whistled, and she ran to the darkened living room to look out the front window. There was Randy, all right, strolling past the house toward his own home next door, whistling much louder than anybody ought to late at night.

"Wanted to make sure I'd notice!" Viv thought angrily. She was on her way back to the kitchen when she heard her mother scream.

Viv stopped, paralyzed. At first it was just a scream, and then she made out the word "fire." In a moment there was a great thumping as her father came rushing down the stairs in his bathrobe. Her mother followed him. Mr. Watkins dashed to the phone.

"Fire department!" he bellowed. "Forty-two Longview Road!" He slammed down the phone and started for the kitchen. "Water!" he shouted. "Come on, you two!"

Mrs. Watkins looked helplessly at Vivian.

"We really ought to help your father," she said, "except that the shed is quite worthless, anyway. I think I'll go back to bed."

She started up the stairs. "Tell your father to come up to bed as soon as the firemen have gone. Good night, dear." Her face reappeared over the banister. "You must be more careful with those kerosene lamps, Viv," she said severely.

Suddenly Viv came to life and, tearing through the kitchen, she flung open the back door and ran outside. Her father was standing, hands on hips, surveying the blazing shed.

"It's no use," he said. "The old firetrap's done for! We're lucky there is nothing of any value inside!"

Viv stared at the crackling fire, and a sob started up in her throat. "Nothing of any value!" she wailed. "My book, my first novel, is in there!"

Viv heard the shriek of sirens approaching the house, and, at the same time, she saw Randy dive through the hedge.

"Jumping catfish!" he breathed in awe. "Look at that thing burn!"

Viv turned to him furiously. "I bet you're glad to see my life work go up in smoke!" she exploded. "I hope you're happy now, Mr. Randolph Wilks!"

She ran into the house, leaving Randy bewildered.

After the firemen began working, Mr. Watkins motioned Randy aside.

"My boy," he said. "You've read some of Viv's writing. Tell me, off the record, is it a good thing it is burned up, or do you think it'll be a loss to the literary world?"

"*Confidentially*, Mr. Watkins," Randy replied, "it was *terrible!*"

The older man heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad to hear it," he said, "because getting rid of that eyesore of a shed is a blessing! And I imagine Viv will get over her loss in time and start going to games and parties, the way she used to before she got this writing notion!"

"It's too bad about her prologue, though," Randy said thoughtfully. "That was really good. Well," he started for the hedge, "good night, sir. Guess I'll go home to bed. Have to get up early —baseball practice, you know."

Viv had been watching from the upstairs window, but when she saw the firemen preparing to leave and Randy starting off toward his own house, she turned wearily from the window and climbed into bed.

She stared into the darkness, thinking sadly of her first novel—the book that was to have turned her into Vivienne Vaile, the glamorous young novelist. She didn't see Randy, about to climb through the hedge, stop and turn back toward the smoking embers of the demolished shed . . .

The next few days Viv went through the motions of her everyday life. She went to school, and ate, and studied her lessons, and slept, and got up, and went to school again. She didn't go to any of the games or to the Sugar Bowl, where the gang gathered in the afternoons.

Although she tried to avoid Randy, everywhere she went she seemed to run into him—always with Marybelle Taylor or a group that included Marybelle. The thing that made Viv furious was that he never spoke to her, so that she could have the chance to snub him.

"I'll show him!" she thought. "I'll write another novel, and when I'm famous, I won't even give him my autograph!"

After school she went home and locked herself in her room and stared at a blank sheet of paper. When her mother called her to dinner, the paper was still blank. Viv sat at the table and stared at her food.

"Is something bothering you, dear?" her mother inquired.

Viv sighed dramatically. "My life work is finished, that's all! When the shed burned down, my future went with it! I can't write another word."

"Why don't you give up the whole idea?" her father asked helpfully. "Why don't you start going to dances and parties the way you used to?"

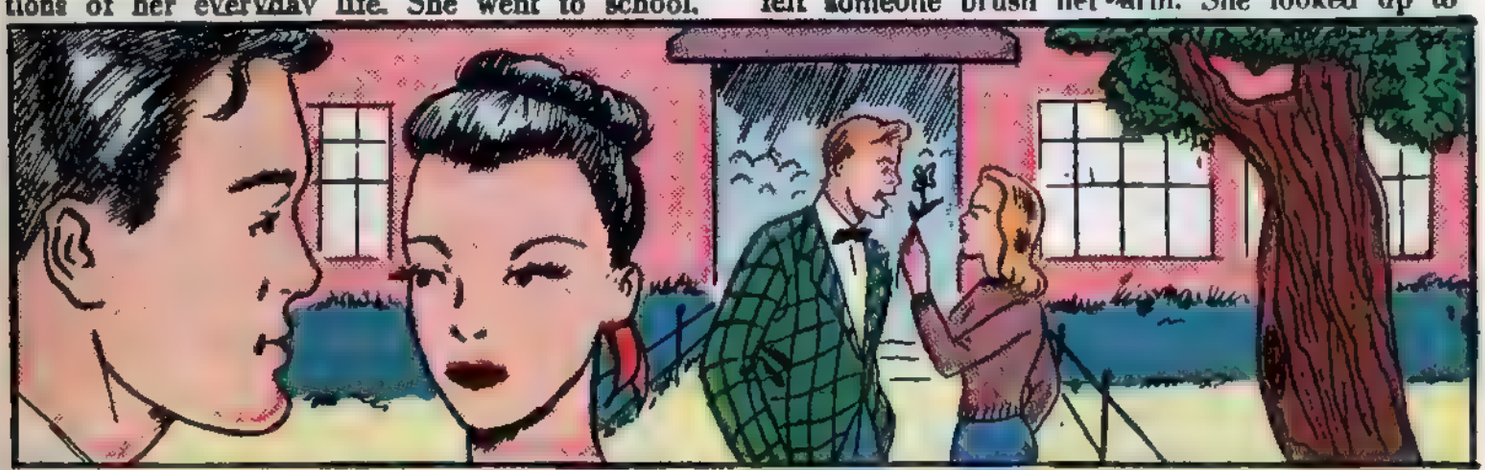
"Dances," Viv exclaimed sadly. "The next dance is Friday after assembly—and it's going to be in honor of the person who wins the short-story contest. They're going to announce the winner at assembly. And do you know who it will be?" Her voice rose angrily, "—Randy!"

The idea made her so mad she couldn't finish her dinner.

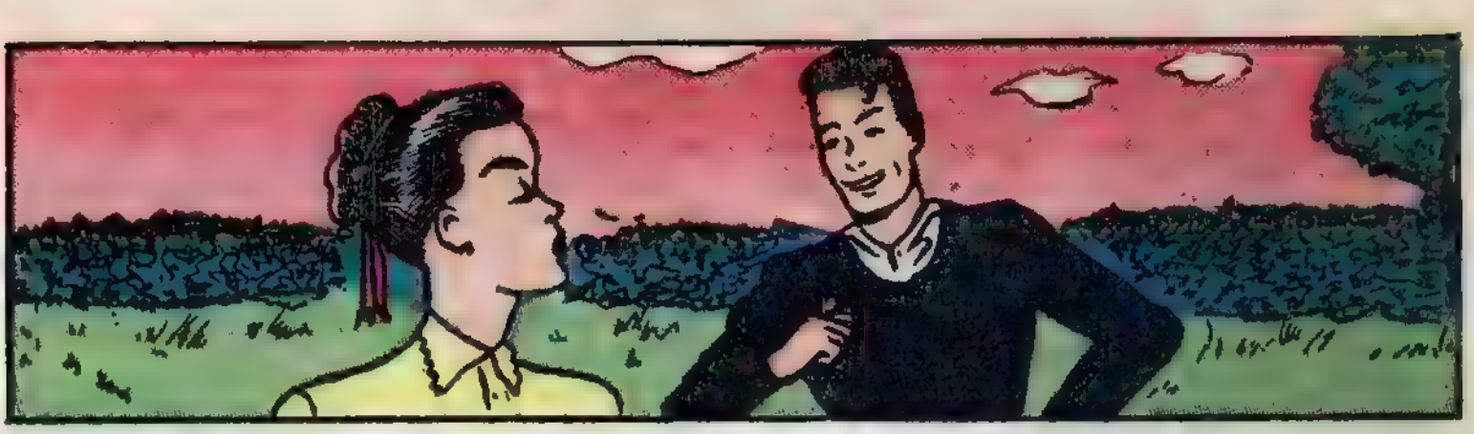
Viv awoke Friday morning with a prayer in her heart for a cold in her head—or anything to keep her from going to school. Close examination revealed minus-zero symptoms, and there seemed to be nothing to do but get up and go. Her steps lagged all the way. She couldn't bear the idea of witnessing Randy's triumph.

Through all her classes Randy seemed to be watching her; it was simply too much to endure. Like a vulture circling around his prey, Viv thought. Finally the bell rang, summoning everyone to the assembly hall.

Viv was walking slowly down the hall when she felt someone brush her arm. She looked up to



"Well," said Viv sarcastically. "There goes your dream girl, with somebody else! Hadn't you better hurry after her?"



"Am I not character material for your newest novel?" Randy asked cheerfully.

find Randy walking beside her.

"Hi, Viv," he said cheerfully. "Will you sit with me in assembly?"

"The nerve," thought Viv. Casually, she said, "I think I'll skip it today, Randy."

"Oh, no you don't," he laughed, taking her arm and pulling her along with him. "Assembly's required—or hadn't you heard?"

Viv sat next to Randy in the auditorium in sullen silence as the preliminary announcements were made. Finally the principal stood up and cleared his throat significantly.

"We received some excellent stories for the short-story contest," his voice boomed, "but the judges did not find it difficult to make their selection. The winning story is distinguished for its simplicity and realism . . ."

His voice droned on, and Viv felt Randy still watching her. She shifted uncomfortably in her seat. It was either awfully warm and sticky, or the circulation was poor, she thought.

". . . Will Miss Vivian Watkins please come up to the stage to receive the first prize for her story, *The Girl Next Door?*"

"Did I really hear my own name?" Viv thought. "Is this a dream?" She turned to Randy in amazement. Unaccountably, he was grinning at her. Then he squeezed her arm.

"Go on!" he said. "You heard him tell you to come up!"

Viv stumbled to her feet and started for the platform.

The principal continued: "—and the second prize goes to Randolph Wilks!"

On the platform, Viv stared in bewilderment at the two manuscripts on the table, *The Girl Next Door*, by Vivian Watkins, and *Try, Try Again*, by Randolph Wilks. They were both neatly typed and, as she stared at them, she noticed that they had both been typed on the same machine!

Randy stood beside her now, and he nudged her.

"Oh, thank you," she stammered, accepting the cup the principal handed to her, "but I think there's some mista—" Randy stepped on her foot, hard.

"Thank you, sir," he said, taking his slightly smaller cup and shaking the principal's hand. He took Viv's arm and started down the steps of the platform. Viv's only choice was to follow.

Everyone was cheering and clapping as the student-association president called out gaily, "C'mon everybody, we're going to have a dance in the gym immediately!"

Randy pulled Viv out of the auditorium.

"Come on," he said firmly. "I want to talk to you!" He sat her down on a bench in an alcove of the corridor.

"Randy Wilks!" Vivian sputtered. "I don't know what you've done, but you had better start explaining—and *fast!*"

The other students were streaming out of the auditorium and heading for the gym. Viv saw Marybelle Taylor go by, clinging possessively to the arm of the tall, handsome captain of the basketball team.

"Listen, Viv—" Randy began.

"Well!" Viv said sarcastically. "Aren't you worried about competition? There goes your dream girl—with somebody else! Don't you think you'd better hurry after her, or are you playing hard-to-get?"

"She's got a date with that guy," Randy answered. "I fixed it up myself. Had to bribe him!" He grinned, and Viv had to force herself to remember the business at hand. She drew a deep breath.

"You know," she said slowly, "that *I didn't write any short story!*"

"Yes, you did," Randy argued. "Only you thought it was the prologue to a novel. Well, it's not—it's a good short story!"

"But the novel—" Viv was thoroughly confused now. "It burned—when the shed . . ."

"The night your shed burned down," Randy said patiently, "I found some paper on the ground, crumpled up. So I took it home and discovered that it was the prologue to your novel. I simply typed it up and sent it in. But listen, Viv," his tone was impatient now, "we're wasting time! Let's go to the dance! We're the guests of honor, you know!"

"Oh, yes!" Viv smiled up at him, her face glowing. Then she remembered one question still unanswered. "But wait a minute," she exclaimed. "The title, *The Girl Next Door*, where did you get that?"

Randy smiled and tucked her arm in his.

"Oh, it just came to me," he smiled. "I happen to have a weakness for the girl next door myself!"

THE END

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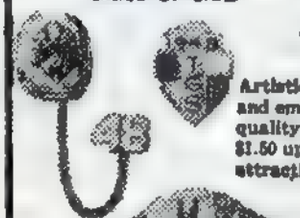

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ATTICS are Romantic

THE QUARREL WAS AN OLD STORY NOW — BUT LIBBY STILL DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER. WOULD SHE FIND OUT BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE?

By ELIZABETH EICHER

"AND you'll never guess who's coming over! Max Ravenaugh!"

"Oh, Gram!" Libby's spoon stopped halfway to her mouth. "Not Max! You didn't call his grandmother, did you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" laughed Gram. "When my only grandchild visits me for the first time in three years, why shouldn't I let the natives in on the treat?"

"Oh, Gram!" Libby moaned again, a flush staining her cheeks. If Gram had to throw her at any of the local boys, why, of all people, did she have to choose Max?

"Who's Max?" asked Celia, who had come with her for the week's vacation.

"The grandson of my best friend," Gram explained proudly, "and a fine boy."

"Then why the moans, Libby? Did you want to play hard to get?" She grinned mischievously.

"Oh, Celia!" Libby flushed. "Max is simply a boy I've known all my life. When we were kids, we always played together. But now we're grown. Max is sixteen, and he chooses his own friends. He doesn't know I exist."

"Oh, yes, he does," put in Gram. "And he'll be here, too. His grandmother said he would. You girls might as well plan to stay in; this rain's likely to keep up all day."

Max probably wouldn't come at all, Libby thought. Why should he? Just to please his grandmother, who had a friend who had a granddaughter? Couldn't Gram see that a fellow practically hated a girl whom he *had* to be nice to on account of her family? That such people were always the worst kind of drips? The trouble was, Max wasn't a drip. But he probably thought *she* was.

They'd been good pals when they were kids. Libby had spent a month or two every summer with Gram. Max had liked her then; she was a playmate as regular as any boy.

But three summers ago they'd had the quarrel. Right in the attic on a rainy day like this one.

"If we crawl out on the porch roof and stand up, we can reach the ridgepole of the house," Max had said. "We can hang by our hands. Then we can sort of swing our feet up and hook them over the edge. At least, *I* could."

"Don't be silly," Libby answered sharply. "I could, too, if I wanted to."

"I dare you!" Max came back quickly. His dark eyes flashed.

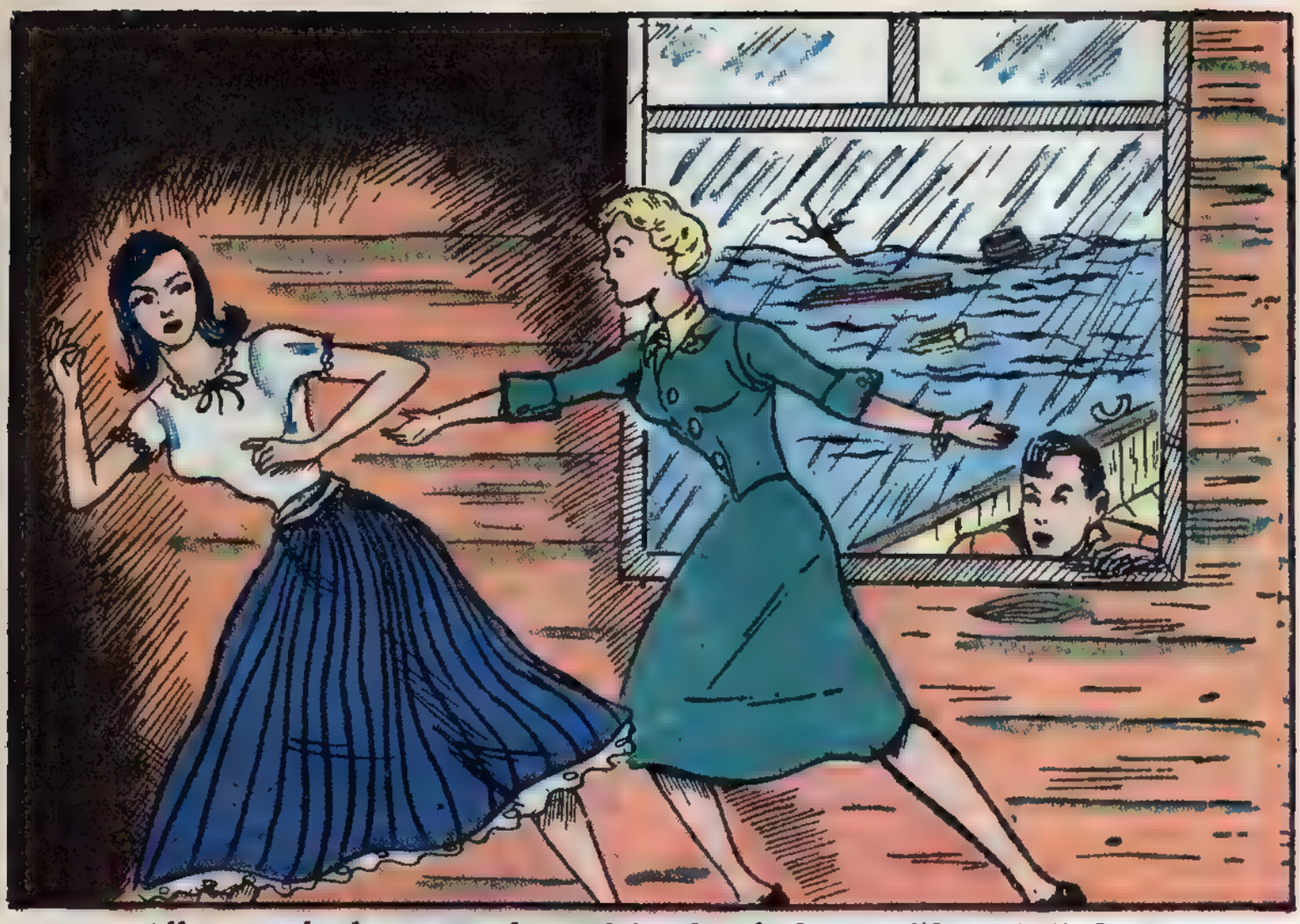
"Okay." Libby put one leg over the sill. Instantly the rain plastered her blue jeans to her skin, and the sole of her shoe slipped alarmingly on the soaked shingles. Libby stopped. "Max, it's too dangerous. It's too wet."

"You're scared," he jeered.

"I'm not. It *is* too dangerous. If we slipped, we'd slide right off this roof and land on the cement."

Max's lip curled. "Scared," he repeated. "Girls *are* always scared!"

"I'm not! We aren't!" Libby flew to the defense. "Just because I have some sense, you say



All around, the water lapped in the darkness. "I can't," Celia began to cry.

I'm scared.'

"Aren't you?" Max almost taunted. "If you weren't, you'd have swung up on the roof."

"No," Libby said shortly. "I'm just using my head for something else than—than . . ." She sputtered to a stop. "Anyway, girls are *not scared!*"

Max made it very clear that, if it hadn't been for her, they would have straddled the ridgepole with ease. Libby had argued bitterly over the bravery of girls versus boys, but the debate had never been settled. Max had gone away angry, and a day or so later he'd left for a boys' camp. The last two summers Libby hadn't come.

But, thanks to Gram, she'd kept up on Max's activities. Gram's letters always had a sentence or two about him. Sometimes there was a clipping: *Max Ravenaugh Sinks Winning Basket; Ravenaugh Male Lead in Class Play.* "Know Libby will be interested in this," would be written on the margin.

Well, she was. Libby didn't deny it. To be sure, it had been a very silly, childish quarrel. If Max were ready to forget the whole thing, Libby was. Just so he didn't think that she *wanted* him to.

"Come on," Libby said quickly. "You don't mind if we go up to the attic, do you, Gram? In this rain it's the only way to show Celia the valley."

"Go ahead," said Gram. "There's nothing like an attic on a rainy day. Romantic."

"Oh, Gram!" Libby began.

But Gram was right in a way. The attic *was* romantic. She and Max had played in it so often, pretended it was a feudal castle or the bridge of a ship. Here were the trunks they'd explored, in which they'd found a packet of Gram's love letters tied with a faded blue ribbon. They'd read them and laughed, and they'd even told Gram. Gram had laughed, too, but there'd been a peculiar look in her eyes, and the next time Libby had delved into the trunk the packet wasn't there.

So the attic wasn't really the best place for Libby to go. There were too many memories of Max.

"Are you mourning over this Max?" Celia's voice broke into Libby's thoughts.

"Of course not," Libby scoffed, then more honestly, "Well, not exactly . . . Look, Celia, you can see the river from here. On sunny days it's blue, and it's deep and wide. You can imagine all kinds of things up here."

"I think you're trying to change the subject," Celia said shrewdly. "Let's talk about Max. I think there's more here than meets the eye."

So Libby told Celia the story of the quarrel. "Now come look at the river. That's what I brought you up here for."

Celia peered out through the pelting rain. The river was gray and angry-looking. "It's wide, all right," Celia commented. "I'd be afraid to live so near."

"I forgot," Libby said sympathetically. "Being on that boat in the hurricane last year didn't make

you love water, did it? But there aren't any hurricanes here. As for Gram and her neighbors, you couldn't chase them out with a stick. Come floods, I believe they really like it."

"That's silly," a masculine voice spoke from the stairway. The girls whirled to see a dark-haired boy coming up the stairs.

"Max!" Libby cried happily.

"Mrs. Owens told me to come on up," he explained.

Libby almost stared. He was at least a head taller and much better looking. But suddenly aware that Gram had engineered this meeting, Libby stammered introductions. Max was only doing his duty.

Max looked around the attic, and smiled. "Place sort of shrank, didn't it? I remembered it lots larger. Odd how a kid's ideas can be so different."

Libby swallowed. He was telling her that that "pal" business had been kid stuff, that his ideas weren't the same any more. She hadn't expected things to be the old way, but it hurt just the same.

"Yes," Max mused, "kids' ideas are a lot different. About things, I mean. Don't you think so?" He turned to Celia.

"I don't know. About what, for instance?"

Max frowned. "Oh, things," he said, a little embarrassed. "Now you take Libby and me. Ideas we used to have."

Libby studied Max intently. Was he trying to make up? There was a little silence.

"Well," Max said at last, "well, that's what I mean." He strolled over to the dormer window, ducking his head so he wouldn't bump it against a rafter. "River's up," he commented. "Wouldn't be surprised if we all had water in our back yards by night."

"Water!" cried Celia.

"Sure," laughed Max. "It's nothing. We often have water in the low levels."

"But aren't you afraid?"

"We haven't had a flood since we were kids," Max replied.

"But why don't you leave?"

"Leave the flats?" Max couldn't have been more astonished. "Woman, you don't understand! River bottom families never leave."

"How about a snack?" Gram called from below. "Gram thinks we have bottomless stomachs."

"We have," Max said, and, frowning, looked again at the river. Then he turned suddenly and clattered downstairs. "But not this time, Mrs. Owens. Thanks, though. Maybe I'll see you again," he called back to the girls.

Libby felt disappointed and disgusted. Disgusted with herself for even thinking that things might be different between Max and her now. He'd run off, being merely polite to her guest. Well, if that's the way he wanted it . . .

. . . . Noon, and the rain still blew against the house in torrents.

"I'm afraid you won't like our river valley, Celia," Gram said, and although Celia denied it, Libby knew she was only being polite.

"Listen!" Libby cried suddenly. A tremendous stamping of feet on the porch, and Gram flew to the door.

"Mercy!" she said to the man in the dripping coat. "Tom! Whatever are you doing out in this rain?"

"It's the baby, Mrs. Owens," Tom replied. "Croup, I guess. Would you come? I hate to ask you, but . . ."

"Nonsense!" Gram bustled about. "A little rain never hurt me!"

"You aren't going away, Mrs. Owens?" Celia's face paled.

Gram hesitated. "I must," she answered. "The neighbors need me. There's no danger."

"But why don't they get a doctor?" Celia persisted.

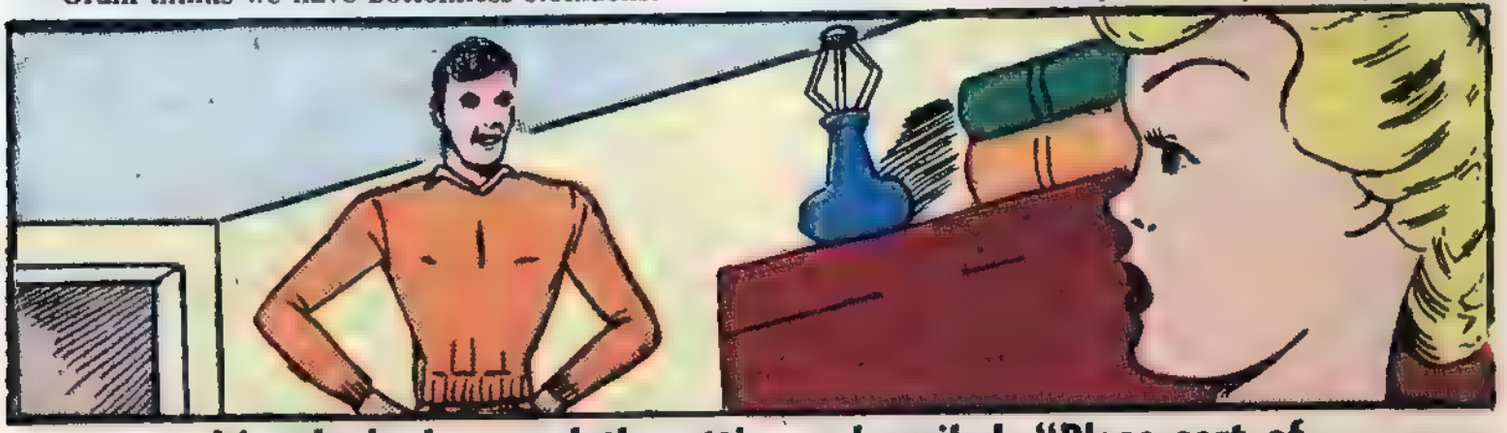
Gram smiled. "You don't know the flats, child. With only one doctor in the village, he has a big territory. He's probably up in the hills and won't get back for hours. You'll be all right." Gram scurried out.

. . . Late afternoon. Gray water was creeping into the lower stretches of Gram's yard.

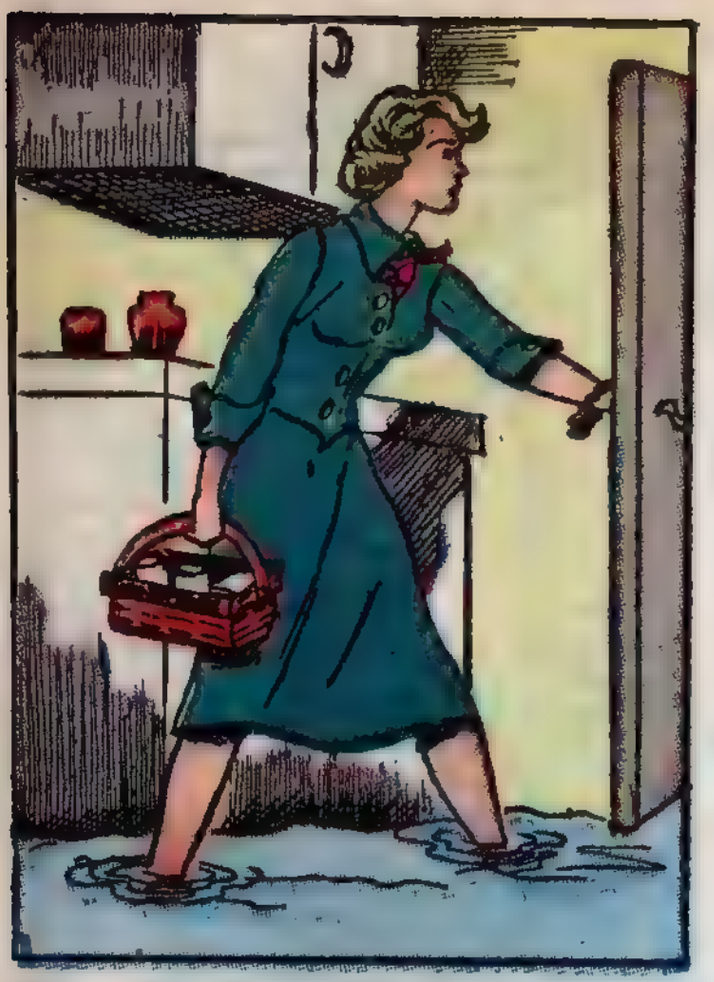
"Let's turn on the radio," Libby tried to be cheerful. "We might even hunt up the old checkerboard. Max and I . . ." Libby stopped. No reminiscing, she told herself firmly.

Gram's radio crackled and popped. Suddenly the music ceased abruptly. "River rising . . . flats families should seek higher ground . . . water over the lower river road . . . Later bulletins as danger increases."

Celia stared blankly at Libby, her eyes large



Max looked around the attic, and smiled. "Place sort of shrank, didn't it? . . . Odd how a kid's ideas can be so different."



Libby sloshed about ankle deep as she gathered food into a basket.

and dark in her white face. "We ought to leave."

Libby hesitated. "We can't," she admitted. "We'd have to go by the lower road. But we aren't in any danger, Celia. Don't worry. I'll just call somebody up anyway." But the line was busy for fifteen minutes. Finally the operator's voice came faintly over the wire.

"We can't get out," Libby said. "You can't hear? Mrs. Owens' house!" she shrieked.

"Mrs. Owens," repeated the operator. "I'll report. Someone will be there soon, Mrs. Owens." The line was dead.

"She thinks I'm Gram," Libby laughed. "The connection wasn't good. But, anyhow, someone will come."

. . . Eight o'clock. Nine. "Flood warning . . . Volunteers needed to sandbag the flood wall . . . Water rising. Continued rain. Red Cross unit at the school house . . . Flood warning. Go . . ."

Then the radio was silent. Utter, black silence, Celia began to cry.

"Stop it!" Libby ordered, fighting a rising panic in herself. "The electricity's off, that's all. I'll look for a flashlight." Libby banged her knees against the furniture, stumbled over rugs, finally found a flashlight in the kitchen. "Now we're okay," she called. The beam of light glinted on an irregular half moon of water creeping under the kitchen door. Water! Then the river must surround the house! How deep was it?

Libby flew to the window. Thank goodness! No water on the sill. The sash screeched as she tugged it upward. She seized the flashlight and pointed it down outside.

Black water lapped only a few inches below the sill! A few feet away a stout branch floated by.

Libby closed the window. She had to think fast. There were Gram's possessions to take care of. There was Celia. If Celia knew how fast the water was rising . . .

As she watched, the water crept farther into the room. Suddenly she snatched up the light and ran back to Celia. "Listen, Celia," she chattered. "We ought to get busy. Those warnings aren't half as bad as they sound—they just do that so people will get out if it's necessary. But we ought to take Gram's things up to the attic just in case. Even half an inch of water on this floor would ruin Gram's rugs. You roll up those little ones. I—I'm going to call—someone."

Libby's fingers trembled. She'd swallow her pride. She'd call Max, ask him to come for Celia's sake at least.

Max's grandmother answered. "Max is out right now," she said. "But they'll be back soon, and they'll come right over. Now don't you girls worry."

"We won't," Libby promised. She began helping Celia, and in the faint glow they rolled rugs, took down the curtains, and trudged up to the black attic dozens of times.

Finally Libby straightened wearily. "We've done all we can. I'll hold the flash for you while you go upstairs. I'll be up in a minute. I want to get some sandwiches."

"We could eat them in the kitchen. I'd rather stay with you."

Libby thought of the water on the kitchen floor and quickly shook her head. "Silly," she laughed. "Scoot up there!"

Celia scooted, and Libby bent down and removed her shoes. Down a step and back of that closed door there might be plenty of water.

There was. Libby sloshed about ankle deep as she gathered food into a basket. Bread, the end of a ham, cans of fruit juice, and a can opener. It would keep them from being hungry or thirsty for a while.

For a while! Libby tried not to think how long. Surely rescuers would be here soon. Why, by morning . . . Libby gulped. Sometimes houses even floated off their foundations! "I'm going to call again."

The operator's voice was very faint. "Mrs. Owens?" she said. "Oh, don't worry about her. She's been rescued. Her name was turned in by one of the crews. She's all right."

"It isn't Gram, it's *us*," Libby protested. "We're . . . hello . . . hello!" She jiggled the hook frantically. The line was dead. The operator thought it was Gram—and she had been rescued. She hadn't understood at all. Now there'd be no rescue from the village. There was only Max!

"Libby," Celia's voice quavered as Libby pattered up the stairs, "I thought you were never coming. Libby, the water's higher. I *know* it is.

Something hit the house, an awful thud. And when I opened the window, leaves brushed by my face. Libby, we'll drown!" Celia began to sob in the darkness.

"Nonsense!" scolded Libby.

A crash! Somewhere downstairs glass shattered. The two girls clung together for a few minutes.

"A window broke," Libby tried to say matter-of-factly. "That's all."

She swung her flashlight in a wide arc outside the west window. Black, swelling water, with branches, driftwood, and bobbing metal cans floating by much faster now. Then, far to the left, she thought she saw something. Perhaps a flashlight? But not again. She flashed her own light against the weatherboarding. The water couldn't have risen in that short time! But it had! Libby snapped off the light. Celia mustn't see that water, coming nearer, nearer.

"I—I thought I heard someone out there," Libby soothed. "I'm going to call. The rescuers from town will be here soon, but maybe someone else will come along sooner. Hello! Hellooo!"

But there was no answering hello.

"We'll drown," Celia sobbed. She was beyond the stage of fooling now, Libby knew. Silent, Libby rested her chin on her knees. She clicked off the switch to save the battery, and they sat in the thick darkness. Would Max come?

. . . It must have been hours later. Libby ached all over. But—did she hear something? . . . There! It came again. A shout. She scrambled to her feet.

"Hey, there! Libby! Libbeeee!"

It couldn't be! But it was!

Libby heard the splashing of oars, and then a boat nudged into the circle of light.

"Libby!" Max's voice come sharply. "Are you all right?"

"We're fine!" Libby cried. "Now!"

"Listen, Libby," Max went on, "Dad and I will bring the boat around to the back porch. You crawl out the window onto the roof. The current won't be so swift there. Can you do it?"

"Of course!" Libby cried happily. "Come on, Celia," and she pulled the other girl after her. She tugged at the window, but it was stuck tight. Another desperate push—and it gave. Libby stepped over the sill. "Hurry, Celia," she urged.

Celia crept out the window, then halted. All around, the water lapped in the darkness. "I can't," Celia began to cry.

"Stop it, Celia!" Libby said angrily. Max had been right. Girls *were* more scared than boys. Here was rescue right at hand, and Celia was hesitating. In the darkness Libby heard the boat bump against the edge of the roof. "Come on, Celia," she urged. "Max is here." But Celia wouldn't budge.

Max's father held the boat close while Max carefully crawled onto the roof. Together they helped Celia across the shingles and into the boat.

"Where's Gram?" Max asked.

"Gram isn't here. Didn't your grandmother tell you?" Libby asked in amazement.

"We can't get out," Libby shrieked. "Can't you hear?" The line was dead.

"We haven't been home. So many to evacuate. Look, Libby, I know nothing's changed, but I'm going to have my say. That was kid stuff—about girls' not being brave."

"Well, but I've changed my mind, Max. Just think of all these people you've rescued."

"Bah!" Max exploded. "Look! There's our light. We're practically on dry land, Celia. And I'm sorry I had to leave so soon this morning. But when I saw that river, Libby, I was afraid of trouble. In your shoes, I'd have been scared stiff—your house being nearer the river, and only one story, and all."

Celia was calmer now. "Well, if you ask me, I'd call it a tie and give you both a prize. What a story I'll have when I get back home!"

"Thanks. I guess I've been a chump," Libby continued. "Maybe I haven't known how you feel, Max, any more than you knew about me."

"Can we start over then?" Max asked quickly.

Libby nodded, smiling. "Yes." And she added, "Gram knew what she was doing after all!"

THE END

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

BOYS CAN BRING JOY—AND HEARTACHES! HOW WELL WE KNOW... SEEMS AS THOUGH THE TEMPESTUOUS TEENS MEAN ONE DILEMMA AFTER ANOTHER. THAT'S WHY WE'RE DEVOTING THIS PAGE TO YOUR PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND LIFE. WRITE ME TODAY!

Personally yours,
Polly Parker

Dear Polly,
Last summer I went with a certain boy, and we liked each other terribly. We broke up, but I started going with him a month ago. We were happy until a friend of mine interfered. She says she doesn't like him, but she is the type of girl who likes every boy. He says I have no reason to act jealous, but who knows what she could influence him to do? Please help me.
P. B.

DEAR P. B.,
IF YOU ARE SURE THIS BOY LIKES YOU, WHY DO YOU FEAR YOUR GIRL FRIEND? SHE'S PROBABLY JEALOUS OF YOUR BOY FRIEND'S ATTENTIONS TOWARD YOU. WE SUGGEST THAT YOU FOLLOW HIS ADVICE, AND DON'T **ACT** JEALOUS, REGARDLESS OF HOW YOU FEEL. JEALOUSY TURNS ON A RED STOP-LIGHT IN HIS MIND AND TELLS HIM YOU ARE BORDERING ON EXCESSIVE POSSESSIVENESS. AND YOU KNOW THAT BOYS LIKE TO FEEL THAT **THEY** ARE DETERMINING THE MOVES IN YOUR ROMANCE!

Dear Polly,
I am 18 and I go with a boy who is very funny-looking. I really like him a lot, and we have fun together because he is a fine person, underneath. But when we're out, I feel self-conscious when people stare at him and snicker. I know I shouldn't go by appearances, and I don't want to give him up—but I don't know how to control my feelings.
S. J. J.

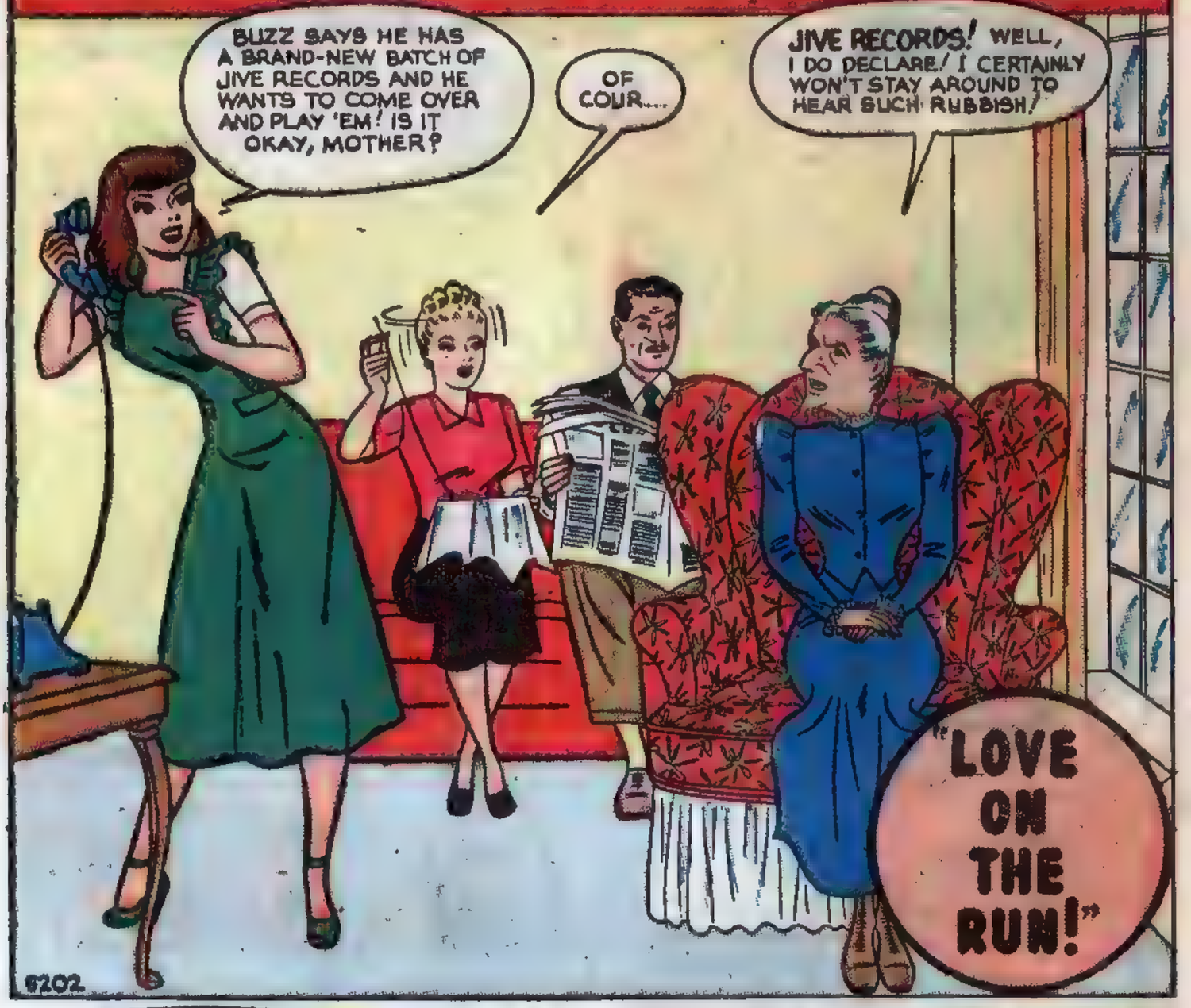
DEAR S.J.J.,
REREAD YOUR LETTER! YOU'VE WHIPPED UP YOUR ANSWER: YOU SHOULDN'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES. THE PEOPLE WHO STARE AND SNICKER ARE THE ONES WHO DON'T KNOW YOUR FRIEND, AND THEY'RE UNLUCKY—NOT YOU! BE HAPPY YOU'VE FOUND SOMEONE WHOSE COMPANY YOU ENJOY, AND DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF GIVING HIM UP FOR SOMEONE WHO MAY BE EASY TO LOOK AT, BUT A COMPLETE BORE!

Dear Polly,
I am seventeen and live in Philadelphia. Last summer at camp I met a boy I like very much, but he likes a girl who lives in his home town, West Philadelphia. I only see him when I visit my girl friend. Her brother is a friend of his. How can I win him?
E.L.

DEAR E.L.,
THE OFTENER YOU VISIT YOUR GIRL FRIEND, THE OFTENER YOU'LL SEE YOUR SUMMER SPECIAL! BECOME CHUMMY WITH HER BROTHER, TOO, AND PERHAPS YOU'LL BE INCLUDED IN THEIR CROWD. WE DON'T RECOMMEND BRASH BOY-STEALING, BUT IF YOU ARE AROUND, YOU'LL STAND A MUCH BETTER CHANCE OF RATING A DATE WITH THIS BOY!

WRAP UP YOUR LOVE PROBLEMS IN A LETTER AND MAIL IT TO:
POLLY PARKER
SUITE 1404
350 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

PATSY WALKER


BUZZ SAYS HE HAS A BRAND-NEW BATCH OF JIVE RECORDS AND HE WANTS TO COME OVER AND PLAY 'EM! IS IT OKAY, MOTHER?
OF COUR...
JIVE RECORDS! WELL, I DO DECLARE! I CERTAINLY WON'T STAY AROUND TO HEAR SUCH RUBBISH!
"LOVE ON THE RUN!"
6202

I HOPE THAT'S A PROMISE, NOT A THREAT!
PATSY!
WELL, I DON'T CARE! EVER SINCE SHE'S BEEN HERE, THIS HASN'T BEEN OUR HOME!
YOUNG LADY, I THINK WE CAN AT LEAST BE PLEASANT WHEN AUNT PRUNELLA PAYS A SHORT VISIT!
SHORT VISIT? HAH! THIS IS PERMANENT PATER! SHE'S BEEN HERE FIVE WEEKS ALREADY! FOOEY!
I HATE TO SAY THIS ABOUT YOUR AUNT, DEAR, BUT SHE'S GETTING ON MY NERVES, TOO!
MARY, YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHY WE HAVE TO BE NICE TO HER!
NOT EVERYONE IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A RICH OLD AUNT! I'VE SUFFERED BEING NICE TO HER ALL THESE YEARS AND I'M NOT GOING TO RUIN IT NOW!
AW, PATSY, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD!
I CAN'T HELP IT! EVER SINCE AUNT PRUNEFACE HAS BEEN WITH US, OUR HOUSE HAS BEEN AS LIVELY AS A MORGUE!
2

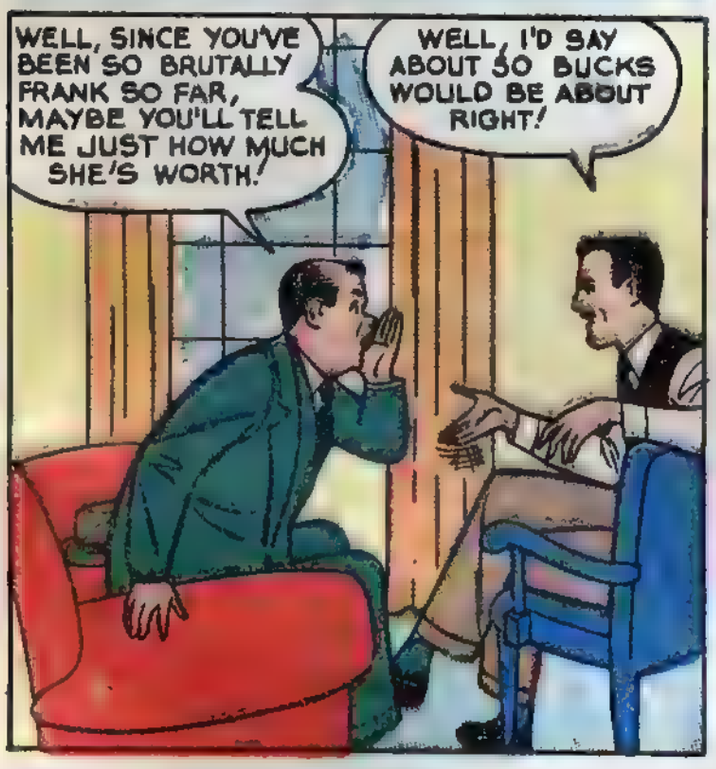
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHY NOT GET HER MARRIED OFF TO SOMEBODY? SHE'D LEAVE THEN!
BUZZ, NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD LOOK AT HER TWICE!
SHE'S RICH, ISN'T SHE? SOME GUYS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY!
I DON'T THINK SHE'S RICH ENOUGH EVEN FOR THOSE GUYS... BUT MAYBE IT'S WORTH A TRY!
I'LL WRITE SOMETHING ENTICING!
CLASSIFIE ADS
THERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!
DAILY TEMPO CLASSIFIED AD
PLEASE WRITE COPY IN SPACE PROVIDED BELOW:
$WEALTHY$ SPINSTER WISHES TO MARRY
CALL AT
165 OAK ST.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, PAT?
HOME! I MUST PREPARE AUNT PRUNEY IN CASE ANYONE CALLS!
LATER...
AUNT PRUNEY, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT ALWAYS PUZZLED ME?
WHAT IS IT, CHILD?
3

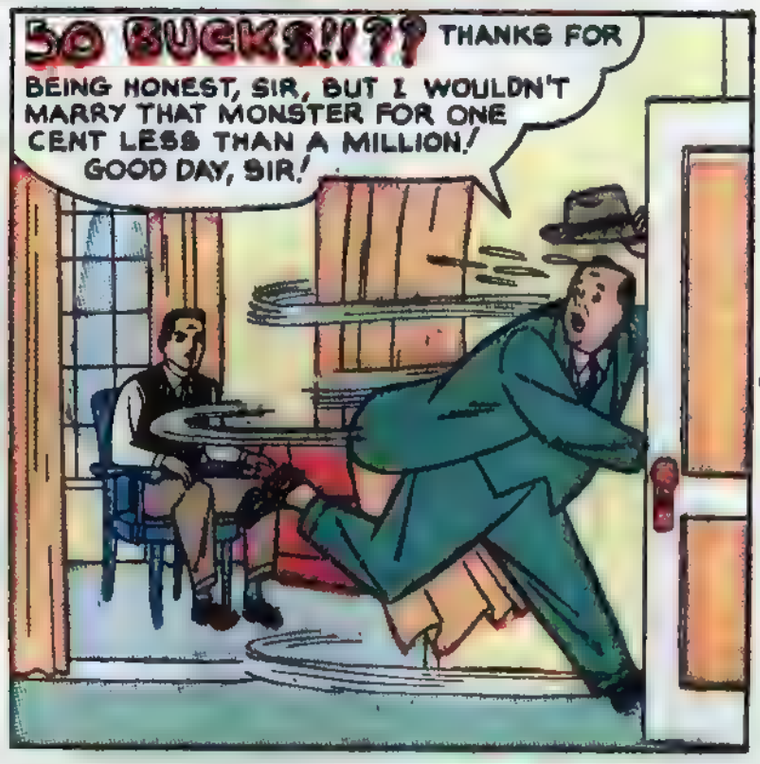
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHY A LOVELY, CHARMING WOMAN LIKE YOU NEVER GOT MARRIED!
WHAT? ARE YOU TRYING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF ME BY INSINCERE FLATTERY?
OH, NO! I'M VERY SERIOUS! WHY, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE, ANY NUMBER OF CHARMING GENTLEMEN HAVE ASKED ME ABOUT YOU!
ER... REALLY?
IN FACT, I THINK SOMEONE MIGHT EVEN DROP OVER TONIGHT, JUST TO MEET YOU!
OH, DEAR! I MUST FIX MYSELF UP A BIT!
NOW I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED AND HOPE SOMEONE ANSWERS MY AD!
MEANWHILE...
R-R-RING!
OH, HELLO, HERB! WHAT'S UP?
YOU STILL TRYING TO SELL YOUR FISHING BOAT, STAN?

SURE!
OKAY, THEN I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR YOU! HE'S SEEN IT, SO DON'T TRY TO GIVE HIM ANY FAST SALES TALK!
AT LAST I'LL GET RID OF THAT JUNK HEAP! ANY PRICE I GET WILL BE BETTER THAN LETTING IT ROT COMPLETELY!
THE DOORBELL! THAT GUY SURE DIDN'T WASTE TIME GETTING OVER HERE!
IS THIS THE WALKER RESIDENCE?
COME IN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
I GUESS WE CAN GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS! I PROMISE TO BE VERY FRANK ABOUT HER!
SWELL! NOW, JUST HOW OLD IS SHE?
WHO KNOWS! FRANKLY, SHE COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN WITH WASHINGTON WHEN HE CROSSED THE DELAWARE!
GOOD GRAVY!

AND I KNOW SHE ISN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, EITHER! BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM AN OLD TUB LIKE THAT?
GOOD HEAVENS!

SHE'S NOT BEYOND REPAIR, THOUGH! A LITTLE PAINT HERE AND THERE AND YOU'D BE PROUD TO SHOW HER TO YOUR FRIENDS!
I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT THAT!


WELL, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN SO BRUTALLY FRANK SO FAR, MAYBE YOU'LL TELL ME JUST HOW MUCH SHE'S WORTH!
WELL, I'D SAY ABOUT 50 BUCKS WOULD BE ABOUT RIGHT!


50 BUCKS!!?? THANKS FOR BEING HONEST, SIR, BUT I WOULDN'T MARRY THAT MONSTER FOR ONE CENT LESS THAN A MILLION! GOOD DAY, SIR!

?

DADDY! I'VE GOT WONDERFUL NEWS! I ADVERTISED FOR A HUSBAND FOR AUNT PRUNEY! SHE'S ALL EXCITED ABOUT IT! HAS ANYONE CALLED, YET?
WHAT!

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK PALE!
OH... ER... NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL!
WHEW! THIS TIME I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL!
R-R-RING!
COME IN, SIR! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, SO LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
PATSY AND AUNT PRUNEY ARE IN THE LIVING ROOM! I'LL GIVE HER A BIG BUILDUP! MAYBE THE OLD GAL WILL LEAVE ME A LITTLE PRESENT!
YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, SIR!
LUCKY? LOOK, MISTER, IF I WEREN'T SHORT ON CASH, I WOULDN'T EVEN BOTHER WITH THAT MUSEUM PIECE!
HOW DARE YOU CALL HER THAT?
I'VE SEEN HER! NOTHING UNDER 300 YEARS OF AGE WOULD LOOK THAT WEATHER-BEATEN!

OF ALL THE UNCOUTH, UNGENTLEMANLY...
HEY!
IF YOUR BOAT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU...YOU CAN KEEP THE OLD THING!
BOAT?!
OW!
WHERE'S AUNT PRUNEY?
SHE GRABBED HER BAGS AND LEFT! SHE HEARD EVERYTHING AND WAS TERRIBLY INSULTED!
SHE'LL CUT US OFF WITHOUT A CENT! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
BEFORE SHE LEFT, SHE GAVE ME A LARGE CHECK!
CHECK?! HOW DID YOU DO IT!
I CONVINCED HER THAT MEN WOULD BE AFTER HER MONEY, AND YOU HELPED ME PROVE IT!
WONDERFUL! LET ME HAVE THE CHECK!
OH, NO! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE A MAN, TOO, SO SHE MADE THE CHECK OUT TO MOTHER AND ME! WE'RE GOING SHOPPING!
OW!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME

4642

VERSATILE AND SEWABLE IS THIS JUMPER-BLOUSE COMBINATION. PRACTICAL FOR WORK OR PLAY WITH LARGE POCKETS, SMART NEW SLIM-FLARE SKIRT, TINY-TIED WAISTLINE. MAKE THE BLOUSE WITH OR WITHOUT A COLLAR. PATTERN 4642 COMES IN MISSES SIZES 12,14, 16,18,20. SIZE 16 JUMPER USE 3 7/8 YARDS 39-INCH MATERIAL; BLOUSE, 1 7/8 YARDS 39-INCH MATERIAL.

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9250

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100 BULBS $1.69

This is a painting of typical American gladiolus by a well-known artist. However, it is not necessarily intended to portray the gladiolus developed from the bulbs advertised here, but merely to illustrate the beauty gladiolus can bring to your garden.

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DOZENS of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... flaming red, yellow, purple and blue Gladiolus for the remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of 2-year-old bulbs now ready for many years of flowering . . . 1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. By simply mailing the coupon below you can make your garden the envy of your neighbors with a gorgeous riot of beautiful color. Send coupon TODAY.

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EXTRA.....with above orders!
3 RARE RANUNCULUS BULBS!

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Send orders checked below. I will pay postman amount of order on arrival, plus postage on guarantee that I must be fully satisfied or may return for refund (cash with order, Michigan Bulb pays postage).

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Rush your order today. Remit order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

"BASHFUL BUNNY"

LIGHTS UP WHEN YOU TICKLE ITS TUMMY!!

- THE PERFECT EASTER GIFT
- HAS ELECTRIC LIGHT EYES THAT LITE UP AND SHINE

$2.98 complete

Here's a bunny who's completely captivating . . . tickle his tummy and his eyes light up to show you he loves you! Battery and two colored bulbs come completely assembled . . . can be easily removed and replaced to last a lifetime. He's all pink and white, with the perkiest ears, a set of proud whiskers, and a bonny blue ribbon to tie around his neck.

"THE RAIDER" WATER MACHINE GUN

It's New . . . It's Exciting!

Here's your chance to get a RAIDER—exactly like a "tommy gun" except that it shoots water! RAIDER'S Rapid Fire Trigger action never lets you down when you're firing on the "enemy". RAIDER has a big ammunition capacity, fires over 750 times on one filling! RAIDER is the most realistic machine gun made—even the butt comes off just the way it does in a real gun. RAIDER'S Clicker-Equipment makes it just as much fun indoors as out. Send today to get your RAIDER—the newest, most exciting gun in the country. SEND NO MONEY. Rush your order today. Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

$2.98

"RITA" RED HEADED DRINK & WET DOLL WITH RUBBER WONDERSKIN

SHE DRINKS! SHE WETS! SHE SLEEPS!

Thrill your child with vivacious red-haired "RITA"—sensational 13 inch Drink-and Wet Doll of squeezable rubber. WONDER-SKIN—the amazing new LIFE-LIKE DOLL SKIN! Adorable red-haired "RITA" is every child's dream come true! She has sparkling blue eyes that open and close—she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (the clothes!)—and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her stand, walk and sleep.
SEND NO MONEY.
(C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only **$2.98** Complete

"Lookee Mainnee!" TODDLER POLO SHIRTS NEW ILLUSTRATED STYLE!"

$1.19 EACH

POLO SHIRTS WITH MOTHER GOOSE • WILD WEST JIVE CORNER ILLUSTRATIONS

The 2,4,6 gang will be clamoring like mad for these favorite polo shirts. We've managed to get quite a few, but we can't promise they'll last too long—so don't say we didn't warn you. The kids will set up a howl for these wonders because they can see Mother Goose-Land, the Wild West and the older crowd's Jive Corner coming to life—right on their shirt-fronts! Mothers will be just as enthusiastic because these marvelous shirts are made of the finest quality cotton jersey, COLOR-FAST and PRE-SHRUNK. Sizes 2, 4 and 6, in blue, white and maize, with assorted designs. SEND NO MONEY. Rush your order today. Remit with order and we pay postage, or order C. O. D. plus postage.

Please rush me _____ pairs of polo shirts in Size _____
☐ Blue ☐ Mother Goose
☐ White ☐ Wild West
☐ Maize ☐ Jive Corner
Check ☐ I am enclosing $ _____ ; Ship postpaid
Else ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman plus postage.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LOOK! NEW 1950 ELECTROCAR with 3 real speed shifts

TOUCH IT — IT GOES THE OTHER WAY!

Imagine only **2.98** complete

LOW — HIGH — REVERSE

Here is the sensationally new scale-model car that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy too. One flick of the magic gear lever and off it goes—in low, second, high—or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by two flashlight batteries — safe, economical — easily replaced. Over 10 inches long—comes completely assembled with batteries, headlights, balloon-type rubber tires—in shiny red durable plastic body. Lasts forever. RUSH ORDER TODAY!
SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

NOVELTY MART

59 East 8th Street, Dept. 10 New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the following items I checked below:

- ☐ The Raider Machine Gun $2.98
- ☐ Rita Doll $2.98
- ☐ Electrocar 2.98
- ☐ Bashful Bunny $2.98
- ☐ Toddler Polo Shirts 1.19 *(include set coupon)*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED on all of the above items.

Name _____
(Print Name)
Address _____ City _____ State _____

USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET EAT PLENTY!

The New, Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

"My Grateful Thanks to *Kelpidine*. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

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NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE

Absolutely HARMLESS and Actually GOOD FOR YOU!

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$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

American Healthaids Co., Dept. 8
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Send me at once for $2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

☐ I enclose $5. Send three months' supply.

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Now, in this darling heart-stealer of a dress, outshine all rivals! Its romantic "locked hearts" motif catches every male eye . . . sparkles with loveliest beads! Wear in sophisticated black with hearts of bright gold and silver—or choose in most flattering pastel shade with hearts of rich contrasting colors. In luxury spun rayon, styled for glamour dates — yet amazingly LOW priced! With enticingly side-draped bodice, gracefully full skirt, self belt, side zipper.

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